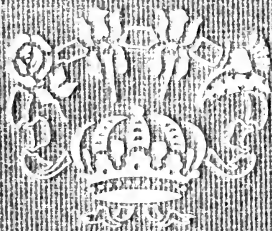
Royal Women

Their History and Romance



Mary Ridpath-Mann

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ROYAL WOMEN

Queen Elizabeth in youth

ROYAL WOMEN

Their History and Romance

BY

MARY RIDPATH-MANN

Author of
The Unofficial Secretary

ILLUSTRATED

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To the Memory of

My Father

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH

Whose Love of History

Is My Inheritance

FOREWORD

"HISTORY is the essence of innumerable biographies." So says Carlyle. It was the author's purpose when these lectures were written to place before the audience in a new light some of the women who have helped to make up the world's history. No effort was made to prepare such as would be suitable for school-room or study class, in which every date must be absolutely correct, every fact beyond question. These things lie within the province of the text-book. The author takes for granted that the great historic events are known to all, and has therefore endeavored to use history solely to illustrate character. It is the charm of history that no matter how well we may know the facts — the bricks and mortar, as it were, that have builded the historical fabric — we turn with eagerness to any new information which a little research may bring to light, even though it add slightly to our former knowledge.

It is the private life of royal personages which interests us. Their public lives, restricted by ceremony and disguised by formalities, give little

insight into their real characters. Not until we strip them of the lustre which blinds us, the glamour and the pomp in which they are enveloped, can we see them as they are. One fact we acknowledge as unquestionable. No matter to what heights men and women may climb, they are still human. The triumphs of glory and ambition do not satisfy the longings of the heart. A man though he be a king, a woman though she be an empress, feels as much the need of human sympathy, of personal happiness, as does the humblest citizen or the little peasant girl who walks barefooted in the fields. Ofttimes these royal people frankly admit that they would exchange the robes of state and the jeweled crown for the sound of a voice or a smile from some far-distant face.

The Dryasdust may contend if he will that history and romance are as far removed from each other as the East is from the West, yet even he must admit that all romance when it concerns royalty becomes history. None can deny the part that the Casket Letters, whether genuine or forged, played in the life of Mary Queen of Scots; and the love letters of Mirabeau and Gambetta are as much a part of the history of France as is the Code Napoleon.

History and romance, then, go hand in hand. Where the one leads the other follows. History

is like a gigantic fortress whose grim and massive walls triumphantly defy decay. Romance is a tender, clinging vine. Year after year it clambers over those damp and musty walls. It creeps into every tiny nook and crevice. It hides their bare ugliness from the sight of man, and keeps them green forever and a day.

M. R. M.

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I

THE LAST OF THE TUDORS

Elizabeth of England

ROYAL WOMEN

I

THE LAST OF THE TUDORS

Elizabeth

SOMEWHERE in the history of almost every people we find the story of a Golden Age. It was the Age of Pericles in Greece. It was the Augustan Age in Rome. It was Florence under the Medicii. It was while Louis Fourteenth was king in France. It was the Elizabethan Age in England.

The story of Elizabeth, the last of the Tudors, is the whole history of England for nearly half a century. Hers is perhaps the most distinguished name in the annals of royal women, and the years of her reign — 1558 to 1603 — cover the most fascinating period in English history. There is scarcely a thing about her which is not interesting. Even the circumstances which surrounded her birth were romantic.

There was once a school-boy who when told to write a composition on Henry Eighth started out

boldly by saying, "Henry Eighth was the most *married* man in history!" When we recall the harems of the sultans and the wives of Solomon, we are compelled to admit that there is some inaccuracy in the young man's diagnosis; but the numerous ventures matrimonial of Henry Eighth certainly added much to the history of his time. His reign and that of his six wives had an effect upon those of both his daughters. With all his conduct, he had many of the qualities of a great ruler. He did much for England, yet a glance at the celebrated portrait of him by Hans Holbein makes us pause and wonder. It is that of a stout, broad-shouldered man, in sumptuous apparel, bedecked with jewels. The head, with its large, bony frame, is covered with soft flesh. There is a hard look in the small eyes under the straight eyebrows, a sensual mouth — the whole face a picture of callousness beneath which the pleasing traits which Nature doubtless gave him originally have totally disappeared. Yet the chroniclers of the times unite in saying that Henry's personality was pleasing, that all who came in contact with him felt his charm of manner. Perhaps the fascination which he seemed to exercise over women may be attributed to the fact that wherever kingly favor is shown it is always the voice of ambition which replies. Royal attentions are hard to resist.

Henry Eighth

Henry's first wife was Catherine of Aragon, the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. She had been married previously to his older brother, the Prince of Wales, but the latter died young, and the king, his father, was very anxious for political reasons to keep Catherine in England as the wife of Henry. The Church was loth to consent to this marriage; and not only that, it was against the English law. Not until 1907 was the law which then applied, which forbade a man to marry his deceased wife's sister or his brother's widow, modified in England.* But kings are often a law unto themselves, and so the marriage took place. Catherine was five years older than Henry, and although she was the mother of many children, only one lived. This was Mary Tudor, the first woman in England who was a queen in her own right because she was the daughter of a king.

Elizabeth was truly a child of romance. When the Princess Mary was a little girl there came to court in attendance upon her a pretty little maid-in-waiting named Anne Boleyn. She was winsome, attractive, and well-born. No sooner had Henry

* A few years ago a clergyman of the English Church refused the Holy Communion to a man who had married his brother's widow. He followed the refusal with a request that his parishioner bring suit against him in order to see if something could not be done toward repealing the law. The result was that the law was modified in 1907 to the extent that the civil marriage is now binding. The church may still refuse the Holy Communion if the clergyman sees fit.

set eyes upon her than he perceived what a heinous crime he had been committing all these years in living with his dead brother's wife! Well, it was never too late to mend. He would no longer be guilty of breaking the law.

He called in his friend, Cardinal Wolsey, and laid his troubles before him. Wolsey knew very well the opposition which the Head of the Church would put forth, so he played a double rôle. He attempted to keep in the good graces of both the king and the Holy Father. This Henry, of course, discovered. He wasted no time on the Cardinal. He stripped him of all his honors and possessions. Finally Wolsey was arrested and was to be brought to London for trial. When they came for him, however, he was dying. Unable to survive the ruin of his fortune and fame, he was broken in body and mind. He arose from his bed and attempted to accompany them, but was so ill that it was necessary to stop on the way at the Abbey of Leicester, where Wolsey died. Here at this old abbey he spoke the words afterward made immortal by Shakespeare. He said to his old friend and servant, Thomas Cromwell:

> And thus far hear me, Cromwell,
> And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
> And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
> Of me more must be heard of, say I taught thee.

> Say Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory
> And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
> Found thee a way out of his wreck to rise in.
> Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition.
> By that sin fell the angels. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
> Had I but served my God with half the zeal
> I served my king, He would not in mine age
> Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Queen Catherine did not intend to be lightly put aside. When she found that it was Henry's intention to divorce her she demanded a trial, and came before the king and the Councillors to plead her own cause. The trial lasted for two weeks. Then the judges rendered the verdict which declared that her marriage was not and never had been legal. The fact that this decision rendered the Princess Mary illegitimate weighed not a feather with her royal father. Henry had taken time by the forelock and had married Anne Boleyn before the divorce was declared, and on the day following he publicly ratified the marriage by having her crowned queen of England.

It was not to be supposed for a moment that the Head of the Church would sit quietly and see his mandates set at naught in this high and mighty fashion. One of two things was certain. Either Catherine's marriage was legal and the Princess Mary's birth legitimate, or else Anne Boleyn's was, which reversed the situation. Thus there became

two sides to the question. Henry was on one side and Pope Clement on the other, and while they quarreled Anne presented her lord and master with a baby daughter, to whom the king, in honor of his mother, gave the name Elizabeth. Shortly after her birth came the decree of the Head of the Church which declared Catherine's marriage legal and that of Anne invalid. Henry promptly retaliated by declaring himself Head of the Church in England, and Pope Clement, who was having troubles of his own with Martin Luther, seemed powerless just then to prevent Henry from having his own way.

Not a great while after this, however, the king found that his carefully planted garden was yielding him nothing but thorns. The Green-eyed Monster began to make things lively for him. His young queen lost his affection and confidence in the very same way in which she had gained them. When he saw her making herself agreeable to everybody about the court, Henry promptly lost all interest in her. He treated her first with coldness, then with aversion. The question of Anne Boleyn's guilt has been much discussed. History knows all that it is likely to know on that point, and there is nothing to prove that she was really guilty. She was young, light-hearted, full of spirit, a little

Anne Boleyn, mother of Queen Elizabeth

vain, perhaps, and coquettish; but there is nothing to substantiate the accusation that she was really unfaithful or immoral. Finally the king had her arrested, charged with disloyalty, not treason, and she was closely confined in the Tower. She had tried in every way to conciliate him. She would find out in some way where she could come upon him alone, and, carrying the little Elizabeth in her arms, would try by all the wiles she was mistress of to win a smile from him, but in vain.

Anne protested her innocence. When they came to conduct her to the Tower, Henry was saying his prayers in his little private chapel—not a bad occupation, truly, but somewhat absurd under the circumstances. Anne knew he was there, and when the guard approached she ran screaming through the corridors to the chapel and flung herself at the king's feet, begging for mercy. He repulsed her coldly and she was led away. She was condemned and executed, and as though that were not enough, the three-year-old Elizabeth was declared illegitimate.

Henry did not waste any time grieving over his troubles. The day after Anne Boleyn was executed he married the Lady Jane Seymour. Perhaps if she had lived, the future conduct of her willful and erratic lord might have been more conformable to

the authorized standard of morals and propriety; but the queen died within the year, leaving a little son, the future Edward Sixth.

The king had had sufficient experience by this time not to indulge in any unseemly grief over so small a matter as the loss of a wife. This time, however, he determined to make a political marriage. He entrusted to Thomas Cromwell, Wolsey's old friend, the mission of finding him an eligible princess. Cromwell turned to Germany. He got the artist, Hans Holbein, to paint the portrait of the Duchess Anne of Cleves. That Holbein was a great artist everybody knows, but just what happened to him on this particular occasion nobody knows. The portrait pleased Henry immensely, and without waiting for a personal interview, he demanded her hand in marriage. But there was trouble of several different kinds when the original of the painting presented herself. She was so ugly that Henry vowed he would not have her at any price, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that he was persuaded to stick to the contract. When on further acquaintance he found her disgracefully ignorant and devoid of manners, he wreaked his vengeance by having Cromwell beheaded and demanded of Parliament another divorce. The recent marriage was annulled, and Anne of Cleves passed out of history.

Two whole weeks went by before Henry was sufficiently in love to take unto himself another wife. This time it was Catherine Howard, niece of the Duke of Norfolk. As in the previous instance, however, the king found that his choice had been made with more haste than discretion. The new queen was worse than he was (and that is saying a good deal), of character and conduct so disgraceful as really to justify the course of the king in setting her aside. Henry's anger did not stop with divorce, however. She was sent to the same fate which Anne Boleyn had met six years before.

Henry was now ready for number six. His ardor seemed to have cooled somewhat, and this time waited, apparently, upon his judgment. It was after much deliberation that he chose Catherine Parr, the widow of Lord Latimer. Like Jane Seymour, she was a woman of discretion and character, and had a great and good influence upon the king. But Henry had grown old and corpulent and ill-tempered. Nothing pleased him any more. Finally, He who knocks with impartial summons at the hut of the peasant and the palace of the king had come, and this wheezing, dropsical, relentless old despot, who had sat on the throne of England for thirty-eight years, expired, leaving some of his crimes unfinished.

It would seem that so numerously-married a man ought to leave plenty of heirs to his kingdom, but the fact is that of Henry's six wives three left him one child apiece. The son of Jane Seymour succeeded him, as Edward Sixth, and before Henry died he added a codicil to his will stipulating that if Edward died without heirs (which very thing was destined to occur) although in his anger at their respective mothers he had declared both daughters illegitimate, the crown should descend first to Mary and then to Elizabeth.

Young Edward was frail both of body and mind. He was very fond of his younger sister, Elizabeth, but he was angry and disgusted with Mary, the older one, who after himself was heir to the crown. He wished that there were some way in which he might obtain it for Elizabeth, but he knew that this would mean years of disturbance, perhaps war. He suffered keenly in the thought that the male line of the Tudors was dying with him, and perhaps it was the state of his health which made him listen the more willingly to the plan suggested by the most powerful men of his realm, that he should pass over both sisters in the matter of the succession. He did not mind setting aside Mary, but he knew that Elizabeth, with her ability and her almost perfect education, was in every way fitted to succeed him and to reign well over England.

Of all the tragedies which History has charged up against the account of England, none is greater or more pathetic than that recorded on the page which tells so briefly and so sadly the story of the Lady Jane Grey. She was the grand-daughter of that charming little minx, Mary Tudor, youngest sister of Henry Eighth. Urged by the powerful Lord Dudley, the young king named Lady Jane as his successor. In vain did she declare to the emissaries who were negotiating the affair her unwillingness to enter into so dangerous and so treasonable an enterprise. In vain she protested against the setting aside of Henry's two daughters, declaring, and rightly, that their claims far exceeded her own. She was persuaded that it was the wish of the people, and from the seclusion of her quiet English home she was brought to London and proclaimed queen. But no enthusiasm followed the act, and it was evident from the first that it would end in tragedy. Nine days only did she reign. At the end of that brief time she was sent to the Tower. She was condemned to death, but the horror of the situation in which she found herself gave way to calmness and fortitude. She knew that it was due to no fault of her own. Guilty in no degree of treason, she died — a martyr to a scheming man's ambition, a most pathetic victim of circumstances.

This episode passed into history, and then fol-

lowed the five years' reign of Mary Tudor, one of the most distressing periods in England's national life. Sometimes we hear expressions of wonder that Mary was so ardent a Catholic and Elizabeth so staunch a Protestant. It needs only a glance at the circumstances to make plain why this was so. For Mary to deny the Catholic religion would be for her virtually to admit that her mother's marriage was illegal and she herself illegitimate, since the Holy Father had been the only one who had upheld her mother's cause. The same, only the reverse, was the case with Elizabeth. How could she support Catholicism when the Head of the Church had declared her mother's marriage invalid and herself of ignoble birth? Mary was a Catholic of necessity. Elizabeth was a Protestant for the same reason.

Mary had inherited from her mother, Catherine of Aragon, a reserved and haughty disposition, tempered with none of her father's lightness. The effect of adversity upon her mind had been to harden and embitter. She looked back over her father's and her brother's reigns and thought she had been made to endure a great deal on account of her faith. So she had no other thought than to retaliate. She conceived the idea that the way to be rid of her enemies was to exterminate them, and during the five years of her reign England reeked

with blood. She, to whose name History has prefixed a terrible adjective — bloody — was one of the most unhappy of women, and her unhappiness was largely within herself.

Elizabeth was the daughter of Anne Boleyn. She first saw the light through the leaded windows of old Greenwich Palace, on the seventh day of September, 1534. Her birth is very quaintly recorded by the contemporary historian, Hall, who says: "The next daye, being Sundaye, between three and four o'clock in the after-noon, the Queene was delivered of a faire ladye, on which daye the Duke of Norfolk came home to the christening."

Notwithstanding the disappointment which the king felt (and showed) over the fact that the child was a girl, great preparations were made for the christening which took place three days later at the Convent of the Grey Friars. The Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, and Council of the city of London got into the boats and were rowed down the Thames to Greenwich, where all the lords and knights and gentlemen were assembled. They proceeded to the church, in the centre of which was the font of silver over which was a canopy of crimson satin fringed with gold. Between the choir and the chancel was a closet in which a fire had been built, lest the royal babe should take cold when disrobed. The procession formed at the palace and walked to

the church. At the end of the long line came the Dowager Duchess of Norfolk, Elizabeth's great-grandmother, carrying the babe in her arms. The child was wrapped in a mantle of purple velvet, with a long train which was carried by the Countess of Kent. The Bishop of London received the babe at the door, and with all the rites and ceremonies of the Catholic Church the future Protestant queen was christened and given the name of her father's mother, Elizabeth of York. Then followed the proclamation of the court crier: "God of His infinite goodness and mercy send a prosperous life and long to the High and Mighty Princess Elizabeth of England!"

Elizabeth spent most of her girlhood, at least while her father lived, at Hatfield House, one of the royal residences, with her brother Edward, under the care of a governess.* When Henry

* To some old gossip connected with this period of Elizabeth's life is due the agitation which every now and then is wrought as to whether or not she was really a woman. There is an old story to the effect that the real princess died in early childhood,—that the attendants feared to inform the king, and that while they were discussing the matter, Henry suddenly appeared to visit his little daughter and the only available child to substitute in her place was a boy. It is held that it was never thereafter possible to undeceive the king—that the boy lived and reigned as England's queen, and that this explains why Elizabeth would never consider any proposal of marriage. There are many Englishmen who credit the story, among them Mr. Bram Stroker, for so many years the friend and manager of Sir Henry Irving. Sir Henry certainly knew English history, if anyone did, and portrayed it faithfully. There is some little evidence to support the theory, but on the whole, taking into consideration the most important events of her career, it would take a most elastic imagination to accept it as truth.

died, however, she went to live with the queen dowager, Catherine Parr. A few weeks after the king's death, the latter married an old lover, Admiral Lord Seymour, and the Admiral seemed to find the young step-daughter of his wife much more to his liking than the lady herself. Here it was that Elizabeth learned her first lesson in the exercise of her powers of fascination. That she became, later, absolute mistress of the art is a matter of history.

Catherine died, and Seymour at once formed the ambitious plan of wedding Elizabeth. But she would have none of him after his wife's death, and his schemes to carry out his plan brought his head speedily under the ax of the executioner. When Elizabeth heard of his death she remarked, "This day died a man of much wit and very little judgment."

She had been only flirting with a man old enough to be her father, just as in after years she used her wiles to attract men young enough to be her sons.

Elizabeth's character was full of contradictions. She inherited from her grandfather, Henry Seventh, caution and prudence. From her father, Henry Eighth, she got her royal imperiousness and her personal charm. From her mother came her vanity and self-love — the true marks of the coquette — and her quick temper. It was told of

her that once, late in her life, her wrath burst forth upon some gentleman of her court, and finding later that she had been mistaken, she made him a gracious apology, ending with these words: "Well, well. The blood of the Boleyns was always hot, and I doubt me if it cooled it any to mix it with the Tudors!"

Elizabeth was sixteen at the time of her escapade with Seymour. When she was twenty, her brother Edward, the king, died. She was at Hatfield House when the news was brought her that the king was dead and that he had named Lady Jane Grey as his successor. She gave illustration of her own characteristics as well as an illustration of the difference between herself and her sister Mary at this time. When it was known that the king was dying, decoy letters had been sent to both sisters saying that the king was ill and would see them. Elizabeth was too wary to be caught napping in that fashion. She paid no attention to hers, but Mary started to London, and almost lost her life as the consequence. The messenger who brought Elizabeth news of the king's death offered her large grants of land and money if she would sign away her rights to the crown. She replied craftily, "So long as my sister Mary lives I have no rights to renounce." After the brief reign of Lady Jane Grey, Mary was proclaimed queen. Elizabeth hastened to con-

gratulate her, and rode by her side when she made her formal entry into London. Not many girls of twenty would have been capable of such procedure.

Elizabeth's life during her sister's reign was one of extreme peril. A single misstep would have been fatal to her. The years had not improved Mary. She was twice her sister's age, and jealous to a degree. She was the unfortunate possessor of a morbid temperament which forever preyed upon itself. She was deeply in love with her handsome husband, Philip of Spain, but he neglected and despised her. She had no children to succeed her. At last, to crown her sorrows, the Duke of Guise captured Calais, the last of the English possessions in France, and Mary never recovered from this blow, which she felt to be a stain upon the national honor. She felt it so keenly that she said to one of her ministers, "If after I am dead you will open my heart you will find *Calais* written there."

So these were critical times for Elizabeth. The Spanish Ambassador demanded her execution as a condition of Mary's marriage to Philip. Mary's answer is on record — *she would try to satisfy him in this particular.* But she found herself less powerful than her father had been. She had to reckon with her Council, and in it strong and peremptory language began to be heard. Mary desired above all else that Elizabeth should embrace the Catholic

religion. She recognized that Elizabeth was the next heir, and, naturally, wished to see the church continued after she was gone. She sent for Elizabeth to come to London. When she came she refused to see her and kept her strictly guarded in a distant wing of the palace. They had but one interview. This took place late at night, and Philip was concealed behind the curtains to hear her replies. Mary asked her promise to attend the mass at least. Elizabeth was cautious in the extreme, but her reply contained no promise. After this her fate was the subject of much discussion at the Council table. At last she was summoned to appear before them and declare herself, and when asked to state her belief as to the real presence of the Saviour at the Sacrament of the Holy Communion, she made her now famous reply:

> Christ was the word that spake it;
> He took the bread and brake it;
> And what His words did make it,
> That I believe and take it.

Her reply silenced the queen and the Council forever. Never again did either attempt to question her as to her belief. Neither Catholic nor Protestant can impugn the orthodoxy of her explanation of the sublimest mystery of our Christian faith.

In spite of this, however, and against the strong

protest of some of the lords, Elizabeth was confined in the Tower. Two of the Council were appointed to conduct her thither. One of them was the Earl of Sussex. He was indignant and disgusted beyond measure when his companion began giving instructions as to her safe-keeping and suggesting measures of unnecessary rigor, and he said to him:

"Take heed, milord, that you go not beyond your commission. She is our king's daughter and, as you well know, the next of blood. Therefore deal with her now that you may not have to answer, if it so happen, for your dealings hereafter."

When they conducted her to the inner gate, instead of passing through it, she sat down on the cold, damp stone, with the evident intention of not entering that prison which had proved so fatal to her race. The officer of the guard said to her:

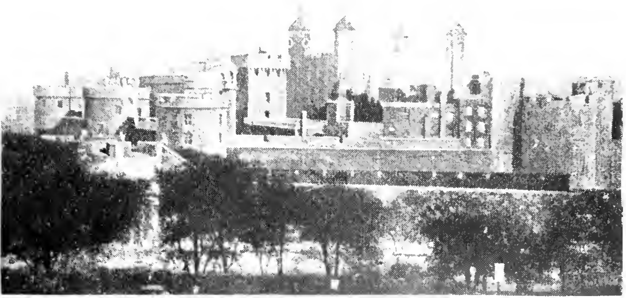
"Madame, you had best come in out of the rain. In truth, you sit unwholesomely there."

"Better here than in a worse place," she answered; "for God knows, not I, whither you bring me."

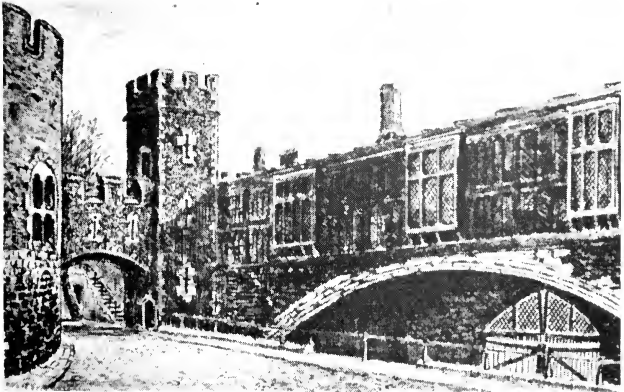
The officer was an old, white-haired man. He had seen many of the tragedies of the Tower; but when he saw this fair young girl, who would, he had every reason to believe, meet the same fate as her mother, he burst into tears. When Elizabeth

saw this she promptly arose and followed him, telling him not to weep—that knowing her to be innocent, he ought to sustain and comfort rather than to discourage her.

Medieval London was in its prime at this time. Wherever there is a city of historic interest, there is, also, in almost every instance, a river of equal historic interest. Especially is this true of London. During the early years of its existence it was always known as London-on-Thames. When we recall the history of England it takes but little imagination to picture some of the scenes which have been reflected in the silver waters of the river which flows by London — the gorgeous pageants which have passed over its surface, "with youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm." The Thames has been called The Silent Highway of England. How often must it have reëchoed joyous shouts and merriment! How many the royal barges which have floated down it bearing merry parties from Greenwich to the Tower, from Westminster and Whitehall to Richmond, Hampton Court, and Windsor! How many, alas, the sad and silent craft conveying state prisoners from their trials to their last prison and landing them at the wet steps of the Traitors' Gate! The river has had its shadows and its brilliant lights, and doubtless many



The Tower of London



Traitors' Gate

a state secret lies securely locked in its silent bosom. Like the Rhine and the Seine and the Danube, the Thames has inspired many an artist and poet to noble effort.

For more than eight centuries there stood on the banks of the Thames an old Roman fortification which later became the Tower of London. What volumes of English history are bound up in the London Tower! It has been successively a fortress, a palace, and a prison. While it existed long before the Norman conquest, and its construction doubtless took many years to complete, it is supposed to have been finished about 1090, in the reign of William Rufus, the second son of William the Conqueror. In the medieval days it was regarded as impregnable, capable of withstanding any sort of attack. One thinks he is living in those days again when he visits the London Tower. Visitors are allowed after five o'clock only by permission, and the permission is well worth obtaining. It is at night that the Tower is of greatest interest. Then it is still the medieval fortress. The ancient ceremony of locking the gates still takes place. After this is done, if you have permission, you may enter, giving the password, which is changed each day. The guard is changed, the keys delivered to the Lord Mayor of London. It is all of absorbing

interest. One forgets the twentieth century civilization in such places as this where the ancient customs still obtain.

From the time of William the Conqueror to the reign of Charles Second most of the kings used the Tower as the royal residence. Many of the royal children were born there. Now, however, we think of it only as the great state prison of one of the most powerful nations on the earth. In it have been confined some of the noblest of English men and women, as well as many others who doubtless richly deserved their fate. To most of those who went there it was merely the threshold of the scaffold.

There were two places of execution connected with the Tower. One was within the walls and was known as the Tower Green. The other was without and was called Tower Hill. The Tower Green is a spot of hallowed memories in English history. Only a few years ago, by command of Queen Victoria, it was marked off and railed in. Here, in 1483, Lord Hastings met his death, as did afterwards Anne Boleyn, Margaret Pole, daughter of the Duke of Clarence, the Lady Jane Grey, Katherine Howard, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, and Sir Walter Raleigh, all but two of whom were intimately connected with the story of Elizabeth of England.

One can scarcely think of historic London with-

out mention of the London Bridge, where, according to the old song:

Proud and lowly, beggar and lord,
  Over the bridge they go!
Rags and velvet, fetters and sword,
  Poverty, pomp, and woe!
Laughing, weeping, hurrying ever,
  Hour by hour they flit along;
While below the mighty river
  Sings them all a mocking song:

Hurry along! Sorrow and song!
  All is vanity under the sun!
Velvet and rags! So the world wags,
  Till the river no more shall run!

But, like the river, like everything else in life, historical periods glide in, run their course, and either take new form or fade away. No wonder that Elizabeth, when she remembered all that had been, cried out when she was compelled to enter the Tower through the Traitors' Gate, "Here landeth as true a subject, being prisoner, as ever trod these stairs. To Thee, O God, I speak it, having no friend but Thee!"

She was released from the Tower, at last, and conveyed to Woodstock, one of the royal residences which has been long since demolished. There was an episode in connection with her stay at Woodstock which is worth the telling. She was strictly guarded at all times, and the guard was in charge

of Sir Henry Bedingfield, who was most assiduous in enforcing the strictest rules upon her. After she became queen, carrying out her determination not to employ her sister Mary's tactics by punishing her enemies, she sent one day for Sir Henry. He obeyed the summons with fear and trembling, but when he presented himself he was told that he might keep his rank and titles, his lands, and his money, but that whenever she had a prisoner whom she wished *particularly well guarded* he could rest assured that she would send for him!

It is said that all things come to him who waits. It was so with Elizabeth. Tortured bodily and mentally, Mary was dying, childless. She made of Elizabeth three requests before her death — first, that she would retain and be good to her servants; second, that she would pay all sums of money owed privately by her; third, that she would continue the church as she had established it in England. Elizabeth was to be notified of her sister's death by the sending of a little black-enameled ring which Mary always wore; but before the messenger with the ring arrived, a great deputation of nobles waited upon her and hailed her Queen of England. She replied to their demonstration with a line from the Scriptures: "This is the Lord's doing; it is marvelous in our eyes."

Elizabeth was now twenty-five. She was tall and graceful and beautiful. She was in every way fitted by education to fill and grace her high position. The Tudors were always fond of learning, but she surpassed them all. She spoke Latin and Greek not only well but fluently. Her love of classical culture lasted to the end of her days. Amid the cares of her later years we find, in Roger Ascham's diary, this: "After dinner I went up to read with the Queen's Majesty that noble oration of Demosthenes against Aeschines." In another instance it is recorded that she used her Latin to rebuke the insolence of the Polish Ambassador. She spoke French and Italian as readily as her mother tongue, and her handwriting was truly beautiful. Old letters of hers which have been preserved look like the finest engraving. During the reigns of her brother and sister she had applied herself diligently to her studies, and in addition to her qualifications in this line, she was politic to a degree. Whether she was born with or acquired this latter characteristic matters not. Perhaps the greatest gift which Nature gave her was the ability to decide quickly and correctly the problems she had to meet.

The times were stormy in England when Elizabeth came to the throne. The signs were hard to

read. None knew this better than she, and it was due to her sagacity that her coronation was of the simplest character.*

Someone has seen fit to utter the accusation that no matter how high a station in life woman may reach, no one of them has ever yet been able to eliminate the "eternal feminine." Elizabeth's conduct on this occasion justified the remark to a certain extent. When she had been anointed with oil by the Bishop, she promptly retired behind a screen to change her gown, saying to her ladies in attendance, "Truly, that oil is grease and smells ill!"

When a few years of her reign had gone by, the minds of her ministers and advisers became exercised about the succession. It was naturally supposed that the Queen would marry and in the

* Only one bishop officiated. She handed him a book and in the presence of the multitude requested him to read the Gospel and the Epistle in English. This was done. Then the mass was said in Latin, according to the ancient custom. The coronation of Elizabeth took place on Sunday, January 15, 1559, in Westminster Abbey. The one bishop who officiated was Bishop Oglethorpe. One of the most interesting moments of the coronation was then (and is now) the presentation of the glove. First, the ring is placed on the sovereign's hand, and immediately after, some one of the lords (the position being hereditary in his family) presents the king or queen, as the case may be, with a richly embroidered glove. The peer who has the honor of presenting the glove wears the title *Lord of the Manor*. This is one of the few picturesque feudal ceremonies still retained in the coronation of the English kings and queens. It dates back to the Middle Ages. The first *Lord of the Manor* was a member of the Turnivell family of Buckinghamshire. At the time of the Reformation, when the monasteries were dissolved, the Earl of Shrewsbury held the office, but he exchanged it to Henry VIII for other privileges. Now the Duke of Norfolk is *Lord of the Manor*, and the present duke had the honor of presenting the glove to George V when he was crowned in 1911.

ordinary course of events present the nation with an heir. As she showed no disposition to wed, she was waited upon by a deputation from Parliament and urged to choose for herself a husband. Thereupon she hurled the thunderbolt. She declared her intention to live and die a virgin queen. Neither Parliament nor the people could understand why she would not marry, yet that she was moved by many motives to remain single is unquestionable. There is no doubt that her adventure with Seymour, although that was now ancient history, had taught her one thing, and that, having learned it well in her youth, she forgot it not in her age. That was how great a part selfish ambition was bound to play in any project which concerned her marriage. She learned then and there that it was the crown she would wear, the crown which would be hers in her own right because she was her father's daughter, to gain which she did not have to make a marriage distasteful to her, or any marriage at all for that matter, was the candle around which all the moths in Europe would flutter. The fact that she was a princess of the blood, a young, beautiful, well-educated, and accomplished woman, would play a small and secondary part. Moreover, her sister Mary's marital unhappiness had made a great impression upon her, to say nothing of her erratic father's exploits matrimonial. There is no

doubt that Elizabeth determined not to wed while she was still a young girl, and because she became convinced that love might be for the village maiden, but not for the heiress to the crown of Merrie England. Certain it is that after she came to the throne she never allowed her heart to speak. If her senses did, she had them well under control.

All English men, of course, were subjects. This may have explained why she declined to wed a man of her own country. But when the suitors were of royal blood and boasted pedigrees to which no Tudor ever pretended, when they were kings in their own right or heirs-apparent to distinguished crowns, the foreign suitors who came over to England to woo the fickle daughter of Anne Boleyn, why did she refuse these, the most eligible all Europe could produce? No answer unless it be the old one. If she could not be loved as a woman she would not be loved as a queen. Not otherwise can her actions be explained. Perhaps she had a desire to get out of life all there was in it. At any rate, as soon as she came to the throne she began that long series of personal conquests which covered a period of more than forty years. Her coquetry with her admirers and lovers is a matter of history.

At the time of her confinement in the Tower it was full of political prisoners, and among them was a man whose name was forever afterwards

linked with her own—Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. There was a peculiar coincidence in connection with these two. They were born not only on the same day, but at the very same hour. They had been playmates in childhood, and Dudley, in his *Memoires*, said that he had known the queen intimately since her eighth year. Whether anyone ever knew Elizabeth intimately or not is a question, but if anyone did it was doubtless Dudley. It is thought by many that notwithstanding the caution of the jailors some sort of secret understanding was established between them while they were in the Tower, for in less than a week after she became queen she bestowed a signal favor upon him. She made him her Master of Horse and loaded him with honors. It would seem that this act must have originated from some powerful motive which does not appear upon the surface of history.

There are those who contend that for Dudley Elizabeth held the only genuine affection she ever knew, but in the light of after events this cannot be accepted as a fact. She would not have married him under any circumstances. In the first place, Dudley was looked upon by the peers as an upstart. The first Dudley had been beheaded by Elizabeth's father, the second one by her sister Mary. Was Her Majesty, then, likely to bestow herself upon a member of such a house? Moreover, the Earl of

Leicester was a man of courts. He was good-looking. His eyes were fine, his features good. He was tall and straight and graceful. He sang well, danced well, played well, but in qualities of the nobler order he was poor. True faith, pure heart, loyal words were not among his gifts. Wise or witty speech never passed his lips. Good counsel was beyond him. Elizabeth was doubtless fond of the sparkling creature. She allowed him much of her society, but let no one imagine for a moment that she was blind to his faults.

The queen was passionately fond of admiration. She would lure a man on by smiles and promises, only to dismiss him coldly as soon as he declared himself. When once she had a man desperately in love with her, she left him to go on loving her, while she turned her attention to newer and more attractive fields. If one of the men with whom she played saw fit to marry, she promptly fell into a fit of temper which made life miserable for all around her—and it was so with Dudley. Unbeknown to her he wooed and won the beautiful Amy Robsart. He kept his marriage secret as long as he could, and Elizabeth had the usual fit of wrath when she found that he had deceived her. Even after Lady Leicester's tragic death, when England would have been glad to see her wed even a subject, she showed Dudley no more favor than before.

However, the most famous of all the royal visits which Elizabeth made during her reign were those to Kenilworth Castle. How merciless a monarch Time is! Ruined arches, fallen walls, mute reminders of the olden glory, are all that remain of Lord Leicester's once-splendid castle, the floors of which covered seven acres, through the halls and corridors of which the daughter of Henry Eighth and her courtiers used to walk in the days that are gone.

To the suitors, crowned and uncrowned, who sought a share in Elizabeth's heart, a seat on her throne, she listened and smiled and replied in soft, postponing words. Until the wars with France and Scotland kindled by her sister's policy died out, she dared not do otherwise. She looked upon France and Scotland as natural allies. With them she longed for peace. With Spain and Rome she saw no signs of peace. With these she knew she must fight and win. One reason for this was that her sister's widowed husband, Philip of Spain, was on her list of suitors. But she knew him too well. He wrote to the Spanish Ambassador who was representing him: "Throw all the obstacles possible in the way of her marrying a subject. Give her some crumbs of hope. Of course, she must not expect me to stay with her. I wish to live elsewhere. Show her these conditions."

He did. Elizabeth promptly disposed of both

the conditions and their instigator, much to Philip's chagrin. It was England he wished, not England's queen. He determined that what he could not obtain by marriage he would get by force. So he fitted out a fleet, the Invincible Armada, and sent it forth for the humiliation of the woman who had scorned him. Here, again, his plan failed. When the Armada arrived off the coast, the English fleet under Sir Francis Drake was waiting. The battle was begun, but Providence took it out of the hands of men. A terrible hurricane arose. The Spanish vessels, not built to withstand such a tempest, were battered to pieces in the gale, and the Invincible Armada, what little was left of it, skulked home to Spain.

Neither Parliament nor the people were willing to relinquish the hope that the queen would wed. Still they urged her. One day the old Puritan preacher, Whitehead, spoke to her of the common sentiment. With her usual flattery she replied:

"Why, truly, Whitehead, I like thee all the better that thou remainest unmarried."

The bluff old Puritan looked her straight in the face and answered: "And in truth, Madame, I like thee *all the worse* for the same reason!"

While Elizabeth ruled in England, affairs in France were in charge of that inexplicable crea-

ture, Catherine di Medicis. She was holding the throne for her young son and having much her own way in the process. A matrimonial alliance between France and England was too brilliant a chimera to be hastily abandoned. So this restless *intriguante* empowered the French Ambassador to propose a marriage between the maiden queen of England and her eldest son, the young king of France. Elizabeth expressed her appreciation of the honor offered her in the shape of a husband almost young enough to be her son, but declined the offer, for obvious reasons. She usually managed to make her foreign suitors the laughing-stock of every boudoir and embassy in Europe.

In the long list of Elizabeth's lovers, Sir Walter Raleigh must not be forgotten. The story is that one day when the queen walked through the grounds at Windsor she came suddenly upon a handsome young man who, seeing that between himself and Her Majesty was a wet and muddy spot of ground, threw off his crimson velvet cloak and laid it down that she might not wet her feet. His gallantry was rewarded by a command to appear at Court, and while waiting to be admitted he is said to have scratched upon the window-pane in the royal anteroom these words: "Fain would I climb but that I fear to fall."

The next day Elizabeth is said to have discovered the words and to have written under them: "If thou hast fear, then do not climb at all."

Whether these legends have any fact for foundation, or are the mere anecdotes of history none can say. Certain it is, however, that Sir Walter was a great favorite at Court, and that section of our own country which he colonized was named *Virginia* in honor of the virgin queen of England.

In one event, perhaps one only, might Elizabeth have yielded and chosen for herself a husband. There was always a fleeting shadow on England's northern horizon and that shadow was embodied in the bewitching person of Mary Stuart. She had been married to Francis Second, the young king of France—a marriage made in spite of Elizabeth's protest. Should a son be born of this union, what would he be? First, the Dauphin of France; second, the Duke of Rothsay of Scotland; third, the heir-apparent to the English crown. Three crowns might be united upon one small lad's head. If this should happen, might not the two island kingdoms, England and Scotland, become dependencies of France? This was not to be thought of, and this incident alone would have moved Elizabeth to marry. But Mary had no children by her first marriage, and Elizabeth was free to pursue her way unmolested.

Sir Walter Raleigh

Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex

One thing which had greatly impressed the people during Elizabeth's youth was her extreme plainness of dress. One writer declares that she looked like a gray nun. As the years went by, however, and she became firmly established upon her throne, she considered it no longer necessary to do this, and indulged to the limit her passionate fondness for gay attire. According to contemporary chroniclers, the gifts she received at the New Year usually supplied her with money, wardrobe, and jewels. Most of the peers and peeresses of the realm, the bishops, the chief officers of the state, and Her Majesty's household down to the master of the pantry and the head cook, sent to the queen at the New Year a box consisting of either a sum of money, jewels, or wearing apparel. It is recorded that on one occasion the Archbishop of Canterbury sent her forty pounds, the Archbishop of York thirty pounds. The peers gave in proportion. The peeresses presented rich gowns, petticoats, stockings, garters, and other articles of wearing apparel. Her physician, contrary to the custom of those of the present day, sent her a box of foreign sweetmeats — perhaps with a view to getting himself sent for next morning — while her apothecary sent a box of green ginger and a box of candied ginger, mayhap to counteract the effect of the doctor's sweetmeats. One Ambrose Lupo

presented her with a box of lute-strings; while Smith, the royal dustman, gave Her Majesty two rolls of cambric. The gorgeousness of Elizabeth's gowns is a matter of history. One of them was the famous peacock dress, which she had made as symbolic of herself. The heavy silk is woven to represent an eye (in color like the spots in the peacock's tail), an ear, and winding in and out between the two, a serpent. She meant to imply that naught in her kingdom escaped her—that she had as many eyes as there were spots in the peacock's tail, an ear to hear all that was said in her kingdom, and was as crafty as the serpent.

Many of the interesting spots of the London of today date from the reign of Elizabeth, but like other landmarks of historic England, they are gradually passing away. Windsor Castle was her favorite haunt. Here she passed much of her time. In the evening, just before dinner, almost invariably she walked for an hour in the grounds, unless prevented by the wind, to which she had a strong aversion. Rain, it seems, did not disturb her. She took great pleasure in walking under a large umbrella in the wet weather along the terrace on the north front of the castle. When first she came to Windsor the grounds were neglected and stony, but the beautiful terraces which were built by her

Queen Elizabeth wearing the peacock dress

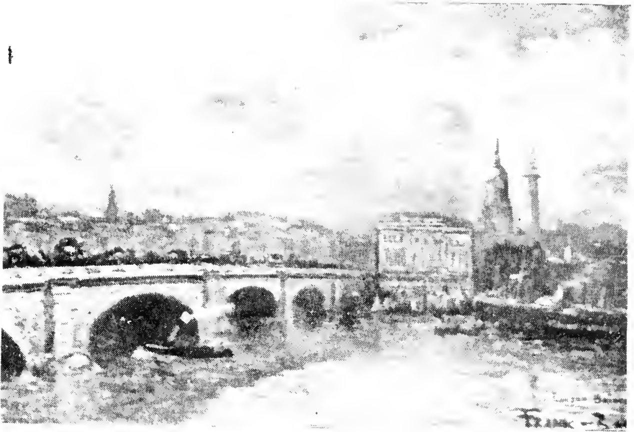
order remain as she left them, and a part of the path is still known as Queen Elizabeth's Walk.

Of all the places connected with Elizabeth's life, the most romantic and interesting is old Lambeth Palace. Historians who are not fond of Elizabeth make much of the fact that she never allowed the subject of her mother's marriage to the king, her father, to be discussed in any way; never took any steps to have it legalized by her Parliament; in fact, never displayed any sentiment whatever on the subject. Doubtless she felt that the fact that she was queen of England was in itself sufficient, and both established her mother's innocence and legitimatized her own birth.

But in order to see a side of Elizabeth's character which historians have studiously let alone, one should make a visit to Lambeth Palace. Once inside its great gates, he may sit down on a rude bench made of one of the old oaks for which England is famous. Here a white-haired caretaker will join him, and he may ask him what there is of interest at Lambeth Palace. The caretaker will tell him (and the statement will be strictly true, as the position is hereditary in the family) that he is a descendant of the Archbishop of London who occupied the palace during the reign of Elizabeth and who was her mother's confessor. He will tell him that on the

bench where he sits she sat, in the days long gone by, while his ancestor, the Archbishop, told her all about her mother — how she looked and talked and acted, how she loved the king and her baby, how she suffered unjustly and died. He may show him the Archbishop's diary, in which he wrote: "Today came as usual Her Gracious Majesty the Queen, who never tires of hearing all that concerns the Lady Anne Boleyn, her mother, and who has always some new question to ask concerning her. Today it was of her father's harshness when the Lady Anne begged him not to send her forth to death, and Her Majesty shed many tears when I told her (for I must even speak the truth when she asks me), and she ever seemeth comforted when I, having spoken that which grieved her, do assure her of her mother, the Lady Anne's innocence, for I do know this for truth, I who received her last confession before her sorrowful end."

The most interesting period of Elizabeth's career embraced the years of her long and bitter controversy with Mary Stuart. There is perhaps no character in history which was in the end so different from that which in the beginning it gave promise of being, as the Scottish queen. Mary was but nineteen when her young husband, Francis Second, died. Willingly would she have remained in France, but her two ambitious uncles, the Duke of



London Bridge

Queen Elizabeth's Walk at Windsor

Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine, insisted upon her return to her own country. The fierce and seemingly interminable struggle between Elizabeth and Mary began at once. It darkened the lives of these two royal women ever afterward. It pursued Mary to the block and filled the remainder of Elizabeth's days with shadows.

The quarrel was about the succession. Mary consented to acknowledge that the right of the English crown was vested in Elizabeth and her posterity, if Elizabeth, in turn, would declare her heir-presumptive. This Elizabeth refused to do, declaring that the subject of the succession should never be discussed during her lifetime. "How is it possible," she asked, "for anyone to love me whose interest it is to see me dead? Human affection is inconstant. Man is prone to worship the rising sun. It was so in my father's time. It will be so in mine if I declare the succession." This was the tiny wedge which opened the rivalry (and bitter it grew to be) between Elizabeth of England and Mary of Scotland. It is an undeniable fact that it takes two people to quarrel, and in this case there were certainly two. Much of the antagonism was personal. Elizabeth was jealous of Mary's youth, her beauty, and attractiveness. She would willingly have kept her out of sight, but she would never have let her personal animosity extend to

such length as to decree her death, had not Mary, in such persistent fashion, troubled her kingdom. Mary had determined that she would force Elizabeth to declare her rights as heir to the English crown, and during the years which followed she left no stone unturned to carry out her plans.

Elizabeth saw whither Mary's conduct was leading her, and became greatly distressed. She realized that, sooner or later, the affair would pass beyond her own power to manage. Already her Council and her Parliament were warning her. Some went so far as to say that there would be no safety in England till Mary was out of the way. She did not wish to punish her unless forced to do so, but when it was proved beyond doubt that Mary had taken part in a plot which had for its ultimate end the assassination of Elizabeth, it became necessary to take rigorous steps in the matter.

Mary's friends have contended that, not being an English subject, she could not be lawfully tried and punished in England; but this is the rankest nonsense. Any government has the right to detain a dangerous public enemy. No government ever did or ever will let pass an attempt on the life of its sovereign. If Napoleon, while a prisoner at St. Helena, had entered into a conspiracy to seize the island and had succeeded in the attempt, who would have blamed him? But if he had attempted

to accomplish his end by assassinating the Governor, Sir Hudson Lowe, what would have happened? Assuredly he would have been hanged.

For a long time it was Elizabeth alone who stood between Mary and the scaffold. The council stormed and threatened. She obstinately refused to sign the death warrant. It has been taken for granted that she really desired Mary's execution and was glad of an opportunity to impress this fact upon the people, but her reluctance to sign the document was too genuine. She was not of an altogether generous disposition, but the records of her court show that she was never in any hurry to punish the disaffected or even to weed them out of her kingdom. Since her accession only two English peers had been put to death, though many had richly deserved it. For fifteen years she prevented Mary's execution, and this at a great and ever-increasing risk to herself. Now the warrant was drawn up and lay before her. She was hard pressed, but still she hesitated. She flinched from the undeserved censure which she felt was in store for her if she took the step. She foresaw that the individual blame would fall on her alone, and it did.

All through November, December, and January she hesitated. Her aspect became most gloomy. She was to be seen wandering in out-of-the-way places, arguing fiercely with herself. Not infre-

quently she was heard to mutter the old Latin saying, *ne feriare feri*—kill or be killed. The words revealed her thoughts. The execution seemed inevitable. Doubless she wished that someone would quietly dispatch Mary and save her the trouble, but the days of Thomas à Becket were long gone by. At last, when she could no longer withstand the demands of her ministry, she signed Mary's death warrant, and then sternly forbade that anyone should ever speak to her again upon a subject about which she did not wish to be troubled further. One thing more, however, was necessary. The warrant must be sealed and delivered to the secretary of the Council, with instructions to carry it out. Again she delayed. Hoping to gain time, she signed and delivered it *without instructions.* On the morning of the ninth of February, news that the execution had taken place at Fotheringay found its way to the queen. She stormed and raved and became actually hysterical. Much has been written about this episode. It is held by many that her anger was assumed, that she wished to make the people believe that she had been taken advantage of in the matter; but undoubtedly, at the last moment, Mary was put to death without her knowledge. Elizabeth was never the same again. It makes no difference what the motive was which caused her to hesitate so long over the sign-

Elizabeth hesitating to sign the order for Mary's excention

ing of the warrant, there is no doubt that the death of Mary Stuart had a profound effect upon her.

What a period of literary splendor was the reign of Elizabeth! It was unsurpassed in the history of the world. The pens of the master writers supported her throne, and one can only conjecture what the effect would have been upon her reign and reputation had they turned their power against instead of for her. This brilliant period was not confined to England. In the other countries of Europe there were great men. There was Martin Luther the reformer, in Germany; Sully, the great statesman, in France. There were Ariosto and Tasso in Italy, Cervantes in Spain. There were the great artists — Michael Angelo, Titian, and Correggio. There was Palestrina, the father of Italian music. In England, Elizabeth had gathered about her court Francis Bacon, the philosopher, Hooker, the eminent divine, Gresham, the great merchant, Sir Francis Drake, the seaman and circumnavigator, Philip Sidney, noblest of courtiers, Spenser, Raleigh and Essex, renowned in song and story, and Shakespeare, the Immortal, whose magic art has never been excelled.

After the death of Mary Stuart sixteen years went by. The long shadows began to fall across Elizabeth's pathway. Her brilliant reign was drawing to a close, and what woman in all the world

ever found herself in a position more profoundly pitiable? Where was now that throng of lovers and courtiers who had danced attendance upon her in her younger days? All were gone. Arundel was dead, Pickering was dead, Leicester was dead, and with characteristic forgetfulness of what she did not choose to remember, another of her most faithful admirers was soon to be no more. Late in the afternoon of a bleak day in December, a black barge with the royal crown painted on the bow, especially used to convey certain criminals to the Tower, moored itself alongside the Traitors' Gate. In the stern of the boat sat a man wrapped in a velvet cloak lined with satin, his face shaded by a broad gray hat adorned with handsome plumes — a man of fine countenance and well-knit figure, evidently a personage of note. It was Sir Walter Raleigh, gallant soldier, courtier, adventurer, writer, philosopher — tried on a trumped-up charge at Winchester, found guilty of treason and sentenced to imprisonment in the Tower. Here he made his first stop on the way to his death. Up and down the long corridor he used to walk, and doubtless he reflected more than once on the ingratitude of humanity. Elizabeth had forgotten him who had covered the damp ground with his velvet cloak, that the fairy feet of his queen might pass over unsoiled.

And where are now all those things which should accompany old age — affection, tenderness, hosts of friends? Honor and obedience, it is true, she still had, but as the years went by she was haunted by the consciousness that among all those who still did her reverence there was not only who really loved her, not one who really cared whether her life should be prolonged or not. She had tasted the satisfaction of leading the life which pleased her. She had played the great game of politics, for which she was especially gifted. Now she realized that they who have not loved in youth shall not find love in old age. She had never shared with a husband the joys and sorrows of life. She had never nursed her children or rocked their tiny cradles. She had come to old age without knowing the varied interests that cluster around a family. Now she sat, uncared for, perhaps uncaring, in the twilight which would be followed by the night. All that goes to make life beautiful had passed her by. Was the crown of Merrie England a recompense? Not so. "When thou dost feel Time knocking at the gates," she murmured, "all these fooleries will please thee less."

Of all the forgotten treasures of the past which the students of the present day have brought to light, royal letters are not only the most interesting but are calculated to render the greatest service in the cause of truth. What evidence can afford so

fair a test of the moral qualities and intellectual powers of those who have played a conspicuous part in the arena of public life as that furnished by their own pens? It is not always that we find in the public records of a nation or a court the true story of those who dwelt therein. It is the general impression that if Elizabeth had a genuine affection for anyone it was for Dudley. Sir Walter Scott's novel, *Kenilworth,* keeps this impression before our minds, but the old documents of the period disprove it. Of all the royal flatterers who crowded around Elizabeth from her girlhood to her death, it was Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, who obtained the strongest hold upon her affections. All the later years of her life were saddened by his follies and misfortunes. She made him Governor-General of Ireland, but he found himself unable to cope with the difficulties of his position, and contrary to the queen's express orders, he returned to England.

She punished him by ordering him into retirement in his own house. He was brought before the Council to justify, if he could, his mismanagement of Irish affairs. He refused to speak, but threw himself at the Queen's feet and asked her pardon. Elizabeth accepted his apology but did not intend to restore him to favor without letting him suffer the pangs of despair, at least for a

while. All would have gone well had not Essex lost his temper. In his humiliation, he suddenly flared up and poured forth a torrent of anger and disappointment. He called the queen *an old woman.* He said she was as crooked in mind as she was in body; and never, since the days of insulted Juno, has any woman, much less Elizabeth of England, patiently endured such language. Elizabeth sternly bade him begone from her presence; but after he was gone there began the struggle in her heart between her affectionate regard for him on the one hand and her pride and sense of justice on the other. She had passed the time of life when a woman permits herself to be swayed by her emotions, and what might have been impossible for her to do in days gone by she now did with resolution and firmness. Essex lost all control of himself and actually took part in an attempt to overthrow the throne. For this he was arrested, tried, convicted, and sent to the Tower.

During the whole miserable affair, the queen, with her profound insight, could not but perceive the true secret of Essex's folly and crime. He was mad, desperate. She knew very well that at heart he was not disloyal, that in the midst of his insane bravado he would have fought to the death for her had she so much as smiled upon him in the old-time fashion. It was only a lover's madness, but it

placed the queen in the same position in which she had found herself with Mary Stuart. Essex was condemned to death. From the Tower he wrote her a letter ending with these words:

> Haste, letter, to that happy presence whence only unhappy I am banished. Kiss that fair, correcting hand, and say that thou comest from languishing, pining, despairing
>
> ESSEX.

There lay his death warrant before her, but she could not persuade herself to sign it. Why?

Once during their younger days, when Essex had been about to depart on a mission of some kind, while he was pouring out his lover's grief and bewailing his hapless lot in having to leave her, the queen had given him a ring, assuring him if he were ever in peril or in need of her assistance she would come to him if he would return to her this token of her royal pledge. Now he was condemned to die and Elizabeth remembered her promise. Day after day went by while she waited, believing, hoping even, that her obstinate lover would send back the ring. But it came not, and moved to desperation by what she considered his defiance, she signed the fatal document and the sentence was carried out without delay.

Some years later the old Countess of Nottingham lay dying and sent in haste for the queen.

When she arrived the Countess told her that shortly before his death Essex *had given her a ring*, solemnly charging her to place it in the queen's own hands. Her husband had persuaded her not to do it. *Here it was!*

Elizabeth stood absolutely transfixed with horror. Essex, then, had remembered. He had struggled to save himself. He had bowed to her imperious will, and he had died believing that the ring had been delivered to her and that she had broken her royal word. The storms of almost seventy years had already chilled and frozen her, but over her soul all this rushed like a torrent. She flew with the ferocity of a tigress upon the aged, dying woman, almost shaking the remaining life out of her before she recovered her self-control. "God may forgive you," she angrily exclaimed, "but I never will."

She returned to the palace in an uncontrollable storm of grief. Any peace of mind she may ever have had was gone forever. Essex was dead. She would not eat. She could not sleep. For ten days and nights she lay where she had flung herself on the floor, propped up with pillows which her ladies brought her, vainly imploring her to rise and allow herself to be put to bed. She would not listen. She lay where she had fallen, and before her sleepless eyes the memory of her old association with Essex passed in shadowy review.

Soon it became evident that the end was at hand. None knew it better than she. The shadows fell upon the evening of the last day. The Archbishop of Canterbury read the prayers for the dying. The Councillors came to ask about the succession. With that ambiguity with which she had been wont to baffle her inquisitors for forty-five years, she replied that she had held a regal sceptre, she desired a royal successor. When pressed further she said: "A king for my successor." As there was no king but James of Scotland, Mary Stuart's son, the crown passed quietly to him.

Elizabeth died on the twenty-fourth of March, 1603. She was sixty-nine years old, and had occupied the throne of England for almost half a century. In England's great Valhalla, Westminster Abbey, she sleeps in marble, untroubled by the fact that on one side of her lies her sister Mary, who persecuted her, on the other, Mary of Scotland, whom perhaps she persecuted. The tombs of these three royal women call to mind the words of Omar, the Persian:

> Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
> Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
> How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp
> Abode his destin'd Hour, and went his way.

Death of Queen Elizabeth

II

CROWN AND THISTLE

Mary Queen of Scots

Mary Stuart in youth

II

CROWN AND THISTLE

Mary Queen of Scots

HISTORIANS have made of Mary Queen of Scots either a martyred saint or an incorrigible sinner. In point of fact she was neither. Her beauty, her romance, her faults, her misfortunes, her short, eventful life, her years of captivity, and her tragic death have combined to make her one of the most picturesque and remarkable figures in all history. When her English cousin signed her death warrant, she did what she would have given her crown to prevent. She made Mary Stuart immortal.

Her life was divided into two distinct epochs. The first included her childhood, her young womanhood in France, and her return to Scotland — a period neglected by historians. The rest of her years made up the second epoch. The multitude of events which crowded into her later years have made us forget that nearly half her life was over before her stormy history in Scotland began.

The raven croaked when Mary Stuart was born. She entered life with a prognostication of failure. Late in the afternoon of a wintry day in December, 1542, a single horseman rode swiftly over the moorlands in the direction of Falkland Palace. It was the day after the battle of Solway Moss. Ten thousand Scots had been put to flight by three hundred Englishmen, and in one of the bare, unfurnished chambers in the tower of the palace, James Fifth of Scotland lay dying.

The rider answered the challenge of the sentry at the gate and was permitted to enter. "On the king's business!" he said to the guard at the door. A moment later he was admitted to the room where the dying man lay. The face of the king lighted up when he entered.

"You have news?" he asked eagerly.

"Take heart, Milord. All is not yet lost. You have a child."

"A child, you say? A son?"

"Nay, Milord; 'tis a daughter — a wee bit lassie."

The sick man groaned. "And is it indeed so?" he asked, sorrowfully. "Then God's will be done. The crown came to the Stuarts with a lass, and 't will go with a lass." Then he turned his face to the wall and spoke no more, save to mutter in

his delirium the words, "Solway Moss — Solway Moss."

The history of Mary Stuart is largely a story of flight. Almost from the day of her birth to the day of her death she flitted from place to place, from palace to palace, from castle to castle, from prison to prison, driven hither and yon either by fear or by necessity, like chaff that is blown before the wind. The turbulent life of the little kingdom, torn both by foreign invasion and domestic warfare, had ebbed and flowed for centuries before she was born, and had left its impress upon the character of the nation over which she had to reign.

The ancient Scots were a rude and intrepid people. They were divided into clans governed by the head of the family, whom all the clan served with fidelity even unto death. All the members of the clan bore the same name, and between clan and clan there existed, for injuries inflicted or for murders committed, all those hereditary feelings of vengeance, those deadly hatreds which form the chief characteristic of that early state of society where the family constituted the only bond of association.

During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, however, some fugitive adventurous Saxons and Normans ventured into the Lowlands of Scotland. It

was more as colonists than as conquerors that they came, but from the time of their coming there existed in the small kingdom two peoples, two languages, two states of society, two forms of organization. The old Celtic races kept to the mountains. The Anglo-Saxons occupied the plains. The Highlanders spoke the Gaelic, the Lowlanders the English language. The former continued to live in clans. The latter lived under the institutions of feudalism. The Highlanders recognized no bond except that of the family relationship. The Lowlanders acknowledged all the political and territorial framework of a military society. War was, so to speak, of permanent existence in Scotland. Quarrels between clan and clan, between Highlander and Lowlander, were of continual occurrence, and to these were added foreign wars of no little importance. When such a state of affairs exists uninterrupted for centuries, it cannot fail to have its effect upon the character of the people, and this was the great problem which confronted the Stuarts.

When James First came to the throne he endeavored to bring the clannish nobility into some sort of system. After that the Stuarts labored incessantly to diminish their influence and to humble their pride. James First, like his descendant, Mary Queen of Scots, was a prisoner in England for

James Fifth and Mary of Lorraine, parents of Mary Queen of Scots

eighteen years. At the end of that time he was murdered in a Dominican monastery by a clansman.

During the long minority of James Second all the changes which James First endeavored to make disappeared, but as soon as he came of age he recommenced the work. He was killed by the bursting of a cannon on the battle-field, which fate doubtless saved him from one similar to his father's. James Third was left a minor, but as soon as he was old enough he took up the work. He acted with neither energy nor discernment, however, and all he accomplished was to unite the nobility against himself, instead of dividing it. He died in battle, and James Fourth, either alarmed or admonished by his father's and forefathers' fate, did not follow in their footsteps. He made terms with the Scottish nobility and took advantage of the quiet which ensued to strengthen his kingdom. He married the daughter of Henry Seventh, who had just brought to a termination the violent civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster in England, and who was the founder of the Tudor dynasty. But Henry Eighth promptly undid what good his father had accomplished in regard to Scotland, and forced the king of the latter country to form a new alliance with the king of France and to take up arms against England. For once the king and the nobility acted in concert. But

James Fourth fell at Flodden Field, and under the long minority of James Fifth, who was less than two years old, the affairs of Scotland fell into the utmost disorder. The latter is interesting chiefly because he was the father of Mary Stuart. He sowed his wild oats with ungrudging partiality, and his end was no less tragic than that of his predecessors.

Occasionally some would-be authority on the subject declares that there is nothing in heredity, but we smile at his misguided enthusiasm and pass him by, realizing, as always, that it is the most powerful factor in the sum of human destiny. That the tendencies which ancestors transmit mould the character of their descendants is unquestionable. As the parents are, so the children are likely to be, to a greater or less extent. One has but to glance at the face of James Fifth to see where Mary Stuart got her beauty, her witchery, her charm, and alas! her frailty.

No doubt James Fifth would have improved things to a certain extent, however, had it not been for the religious disturbance then prevalent in England. He could not but realize the difficulties of his position if Scotland remained a Catholic country while England turned Protestant. Henry Eighth urged him to accept his plans, both political and religious, and offered him his oldest daughter

in marriage. He made things so unpleasant that James was compelled to choose between the two alternatives, namely, the ruin of the Catholic Church and the long cherished desire of his family, the conquering of the feudal nobility. He rejected Henry's proposal, but in so doing he was forced to return to the ancient policy of his country, which was a protective alliance with the king of France. He married Magdalen, daughter of Francis First of France. She lived but a few months, and then he wed Mary of Lorraine. She was the sister of the Cardinal of Lorraine and the Duke of Guise, and became the mother of Mary Queen of Scots.

Mary of Lorraine was one of those splendid women about whom history says little. The problem which confronted her after the death of James Fifth was a difficult one. Two sons had been born to them, but both had died in infancy. She could not but realize that the odds were against her. The tiny daughter who was destined to the crown of Scotland was a menace to the crown of England from the day of her birth. She herself was a foreigner — a stranger in a strange land.

Mary was born in the old palace of Linlithgow, on December 8, 1542. This, the first of the stopping points, as it were, in Mary's career, was unquestionably one of the most splendid palaces of its day. It is still magnificent, even in its ruin.

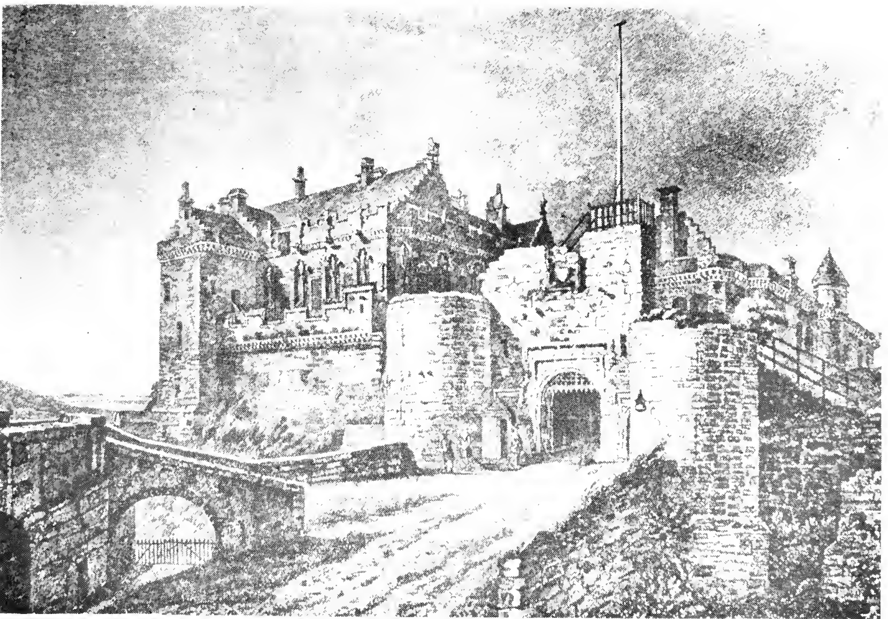
The great courtyard is tenanted now only by the birds of the air. The water no longer flows from the carved fountain in the center. The roofs of the chapel and the banquet hall have fallen in long since. The palace is full of hidden stairways, subterranean passages, shadowy hiding places similar to those of the terrible castle of Louis Eleventh at Loches, but the court of Scotland was at its gayest when Linlithgow was the royal residence. With the birth of Mary Stuart, however, its bright days seem to have become dimmed with a foreshadowing of coming sorrow. James Sixth, Mary's son, came here occasionally, but the glory of the palace had gone out like the flame of a tiny candle in a gusty casement. After the retreat from Stirling, the troops of General Hawley occupied it and built such huge fires on the hearths that there was a terrible conflagration. It was left a blackened ruin, but still stately, majestic, and royal even in its decay. Carved in the stone over the deep bay window in the room where Mary was born is the *Crown and Thistle*, commemorative of the event.

The mind of Mary's mother was filled with foreboding when she thought of the future of her child. True, there were staunch hearts in Scotland, hearts to whom this little babe was inexpressibly dear, who recognized that she was the sole representative

of the ancient royal line. Mary of Lorraine feared that the effort would be made to separate her from her child, and she was not mistaken. Untold dangers beset her from nearly every quarter. No sooner was James Fifth dead than the Earl of Arran, next of kin, claimed the regency. He then determined to get possession of Mary, and how pertinaciously her mother struggled to retain control of her child is a matter of history. Over in England was a still more powerful enemy, Henry Eighth. He, too, was watching the progress of affairs. He was not blind to the fact that the continuance of the royal line in storm-shaken Scotland depended on the existence of a fragile babe. He began to lay plans. He would cheat Mary out of her inheritance if he could and get control of her country himself. He demanded her betrothal to his son, Prince Edward. This was granted. Then he demanded that the infant queen be placed in his hands for safe-keeping, but here he failed. He found the laws of Scotland, as well as the will of the people, too much for him on this occasion. Then he demanded that at the age of ten she should be sent to England, and that in the meantime an English lady and gentleman should be placed with her, who should conduct her education after the English fashion. The queen mother was

filled with alarm. She had the greatest distrust of Henry. There was but one way to outwit him. She would send her child to her own people in France if she could not summon enough support to keep her with her in Scotland.

Mary was only a few weeks old when she made her first flight. For the absolute safety of her person her mother fled with her to Stirling Castle and lodged her royal charge safely behind those impregnable walls. In the old square tower which looked out toward the Highlands the nursery was situated, and altogether unruffled by the fierce excitement which was agitating two kingdoms on her account, Mary grew and flourished in strength and beauty, and was in every respect a healthy, happy, normal child. From Stirling Castle, when she was eight months old, she was taken to the church of the Grey Friars to be crowned. On the ninth day of September, 1543, they took her from her cradle, enveloped her in royal robes, and carried her from the nursery to the old church where she was invested with all the glittering symbols of an inheritance which proved fatal. The crown was placed upon her brow, the scepter put in a tiny hand too small to hold it, the great sword of state girded around her. Every prelate and peer knelt before her, repeated the oath of allegiance, and kissed her little hand. No wonder she wept.



Stirling Castle

It is recorded that she never ceased to weep during the whole of the ceremony — an event which filled the minds of the people with superstitious fears and forebodings.

The coronation of Mary exasperated Henry Eighth beyond measure. He ordered her seized and sent to England, but his envoys found it impossible either to corrupt or outwit the faithful lord keepers who had her safely in charge; and although Stirling Castle was considered capable of resisting any sort of attack the little girl was removed once more, this time to the Priory on the picturesque island of Inchmahome, in the Lake of Menteith in Perth, close to the north border of Stirlingshire.

When one has a desire (as some one has fitly expressed it) to *realize* history, he should make a pilgrimage to this old Priory, or the ruins, which are now all that remain of it. It is about half an hour's ride from Stirling, and it is almost as secluded there today as it was four centuries ago. He may walk down the aisles where the abbots trod long since, and pause by the graves in the choir. For some reason the quiet dead seem always to rest more peacefully in such spots as this than in the mad rush of the world outside. The ruined refectory is roofless now and open to the air. My lady's chamber is tenantless forever.

Gone is the roof, and perched aloof
  Is an owl, like a Friar of Orders Grey.
Perhaps 't is a priest, come back to feast—
  For priests do not always fast, they say.
The doughty lords sleep the sleep of swords,
  Dead are the dames and damozels.
The king in his crown has laid him down,
  And the jester with his bells.

Over this little island Mary romped and clambered, clad in the national costume, passing almost the only happy days she ever knew in the land that gave her birth. When she left it the glory of the old Priory departed. Nothing disturbed its monotony again until the giant waves of the Reformation broke over Scotland. Since the ruin occasioned by that great religious convulsion, deep peace has wrapped its mantle around Inchmahome. Year after year the ivy has clambered farther and farther over the old domain, and nothing breaks the silence there now save the rustling grass beneath your feet. Few visit the island. Of the thousands who travel to Scotland year after year, doubtless many are unaware that on this little island they would see not only one of the most interesting but one of the loveliest spots on earth.

When Mary was taken to Inchmahome she was accompanied by the four Maries, faithful little attendants, companions and friends of her childhood. They went with her to France, returned with

her to Scotland, and forsook her never till her tragic death. The old rhyme* tells us that

> Yesterday there were four Maries;
> Today there are but three.
> There was Mary Beaton and Mary Seaton
> And Mary Carmichael and me.

Mary Beaton was the daughter of Sir John Beaton, the keeper of Falkland Palace, to which James Fifth fled after the battle of Solway Moss, and where he died. Some of the names most famed in Scottish song and story are connected with the four Maries. Mary Beaton married Alexander Ogilvie, who figured largely in the history of Mary Stuart's reign. Mary Fleming was the daughter of the queen's aunt, Lady Fleming. She married the famous Maitland of Lethington. Mary Livingston was the daughter of Mary Stuart's guardian, and from her vigorous habits due to her youth and health she was called "Mary the lustie." She was married to John, the son of Robert, Lord Semple. The Semples were a family famed for their literary and artistic gifts. Among them were poets, artists, and musicians of merit.

Mary Seaton alone of the four remained unmar-

* There is something wrong about the well-known rhyme, however. The names of the four little girls were Mary Beaton, Mary Seaton, Mary Livingston, and Mary Fleming. The rhyme is supposed to have been composed by Mary Stuart, the word *me* referring to herself.

ried while Mary Stuart was in Scotland. She went with her when she fled into England, was in constant attendance on her until the end of her life, and walked by her royal mistress' side into the great stone hall at Fotheringay on the morning when the final tragedy was wrought.

What a contrast between the fairy island of Inchmahome and the Gibraltar-like fortress on Dumbarton Rock whither Mary's next flight was taken. It is a huge cone-shaped rock divided into two parts and almost four hundred feet high. The top is reached by long flights of steps, and at high tide the place is almost an island. This great fortress was so old when Mary was there that the almost four hundred years which have passed since then are but as yesterday. The actual date of its foundation is not known. It was occupied by the Romans in 368. The Danes and Norwegians, the Romans and the Picts waged a thousand battles around and over it, changing it not at all. Dumbarton calls to memory the story of William Wallace. Here he was received by Menteith with all honor as a friend and then by the basest of treachery was handed over to Edward of England to meet his trial at Westminster and his cruel death at Smithfield. At the entrance of the steps is a portal known as the Wallace Gate, and over it two heads are crudely carved in the stone. The heads are those

of Wallace and his betrayer. The latter has his finger in his mouth, that being the signal by which he betrayed his chief and his friend to torture and death. But as is the case in every instance, Time has made all things right. It is no more possible to destroy a man like William Wallace than it was to destroy Him who hung upon the cross at Calvary.

When she was at Dumbarton, Mary was as near as possible to France, to which country her mother had determined to send her if it seemed advisable. The necessity presented itself. She was six years old, and her education must be begun. Here she took leave of her devoted mother and sailed away, to exchange for a time the thistle of Scotland for the lily of France. Supposing that she would sail from Leith, Henry Eighth had his English galleys out intent upon her capture. But the vessel with Mary on board eluded the English ships that lay in wait for her.

One cannot but speculate on what her future would have been had she been captured at this time by the English. Would her life have been less stormy, her death less tragic? Not so. Edward, the young son of Henry Eighth, to whom she would have been married, might perhaps have shown her courtesy and consideration while he lived, but after his early death nothing could have saved her from

the jealousy and fear of Mary Tudor. There would have been the same quarrel, for the same reason, between herself and Elizabeth. Her experience in her English prison would only have been hastened, and would have ended on the scaffold just the same. Tower Hill would have anticipated Fotheringay. She would have missed her happy days in France. She would have lost her earthly immortality, and history would have been deprived of its most picturesque and romantic figure.

The vessel with Mary on board landed at Roscoff, a little port in Finistère, in Brittany, three hundred and fifty miles from Paris. It is a port unknown save to the fishermen along the coast, and to them it is known as a place from which to stay away — a rendezvous of smugglers and pirates. To this port also came Charles Edward Stuart, the young Pretender, whom the Scotch people affectionately called "Bonnie Prince Charlie," after his hapless venture in Scotland.

When we recall the sorrows of Mary Stuart's life, it is pleasing to remember that it held one period of uninterrupted sunshine. From the day of her landing at Roscoff until the death of her young husband necessitated her return to Scotland, she knew not a care. The court of France was the most corrupt in Europe, but her life there was unaffected by it. She spent her early years in the

convent over which her maternal grandmother, Antoinette de Bourbon, presided, and which was noted for its purity. At St. Germain her betrothal to her cousin took place — and how many faces afterward famed in history gathered at that ceremony! There were Henry Second and Catherine di Medicis, his queen, the Cardinal of Lorraine, the Duke of Guise, the little boys who later were to become Francis Second, Charles Ninth, and Henry Third, and that very ugly little fellow, Prince Henry of Navarre, afterward Henry Fourth, perhaps the greatest king France ever knew.

On the twenty-fourth day of April, 1558, Mary was married to her cousin, Francis de Valois, eldest son of the king of France. The wedding took place in the great Cathedral of Notre Dame. All the nobility of the ancient régime surrounded the young bride on her wedding day. She was truly loved by all. Even Catherine di Medicis, the austere, who afterwards cherished a deadly enmity toward Mary Stuart, said, "She has turned all our heads — this little rose of Scotland — to say nothing of our hearts." Old Notre Dame has witnessed many ceremonies, christenings, weddings, coronations, services for the dead, and one cannot think of Mary Stuart's wedding day without being touched with the remembrance of that other serv-

ice — a service of sorrow and tears in memory of her after the tragedy at Fotheringay.

Mary was now sixteen years old, and the occasion of her marriage to Francis was the beginning of her quarrel with Elizabeth of England. The king of France had assumed for her on that day, in her name, the Coat of Arms of England. Mary was not consulted. She was the victim of circumstances. Elizabeth demanded an apology. Mary made it — for something which was not her fault. Elizabeth went further. She demanded the restoration of Calais, which had been taken from England by the Duke of Guise during her sister Mary's reign. The French commissioner was stung by her insolence into replying, "We are quite willing to restore Calais to the queen of England, whom we take to be Mary Stuart." Word was borne to the Court of Elizabeth that Mary had said that she hoped to be queen of England before long. Think not that the daughter of Henry Eighth forgot any of these things when Mary fell into her power.

One day a great change came to the royal house of France. The whole court, in merry mood, was watching a tournament in the courtyard, when suddenly all were startled by a cry from Catherine di Medicis, the queen. A moment more and Mary Stuart was no longer the wife of the Dauphin. She was Queen of France and Navarre. Henry Second

Francis of Valois

Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley

had been killed in mock combat in the courtyard, and then began that bitter enmity of Catherine di Medicis for Mary Stuart, an enmity which pursued her till the end of her life and yet was not powerful enough to record one word of slander against her while she lived in France. One may rest assured that Mary's life in France was blameless. The evil eyes of that licentious court would have laid bare her secrets had her life held any. Read the history of France during the reign of Henry Second and you will understand why John Knox and the Scottish Reformers objected to that country as a home for their little queen.

In the minds of the French people it is the illicit loves of their kings that linger longest. If you visit those royal abodes today and ask about Mary Stuart, you will find that they know nothing further about her than that she was for a short time the wife of the young king, Francis Second. But they will talk for hours about the beautiful Diana of Poitiers, the favorite of Henry Second, who wore her colors when he rode to his death, or of Gabrielle d'Estrees, who at a word from Henry Fourth forsook her lover on the eve of their marriage and followed the king, and who died a dreadful death from poison; of lovely Louise de la Fayette, for whom Louis Thirteenth would have sacrificed his kingdom; of Louise de la Vallière, the gentle,

the charming, the adored of Louis Fourteenth, for a time; of Madame de Montespan and Madame de Maintenon who supplanted her in the wavering affections of *Le Grand Monarque;* of the various and numerous favorites of Louis Fifteenth, especially the notorious Comtesse du Barri. Mary's life of innocence has left no trace, but the memory of these beautiful sinners is as abiding as though carved in stone.

After Mary's marriage only two short years went by. Francis, the young king, grew frailer and frailer. So fearful was he of his terrible mother that he dared not interfere with her plans. One day she called her court about her and compelled them to witness the slaughter of the Huguenots. The young king and queen were terrified. Mary fainted, but when she was restored was placed again in her chair by Catherine's orders. Francis rose to take her away. "Sit down, my son," said his mother; "I command you to remain. Teach your wife the duty of a sovereign."

For once the young king asserted himself. "You will pardon me, Madame," he answered. "Govern my kingdom and slay my subjects if you will. I am powerless to prevent you. But I myself will judge of what is seemly for my wife."

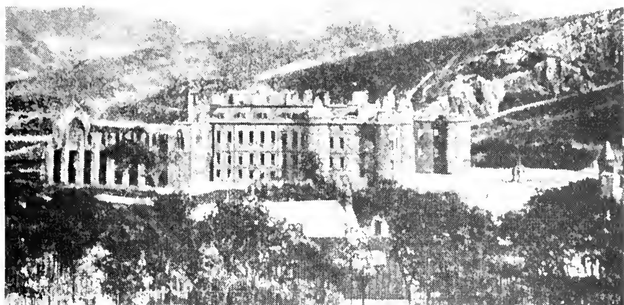
Mary was led away, but the strain had been too

much for Francis. Rapidly he pined and died. No physician could be found who could cure a nameless malady. Catherine exulted that she was once more mistress of France. Mary knew that her days in that fair land were numbered. At the time of her marriage to Francis she had been created Duchess of Tourraine. She begged to be allowed to retain this title and remain in France. But her uncles of Lorraine and Guise were ambitious. They had watched over her childhood in France, had stood in the position of parents to her. They insisted that she return to her native land and assume the crown and the royal obligations which were hers by inheritance.

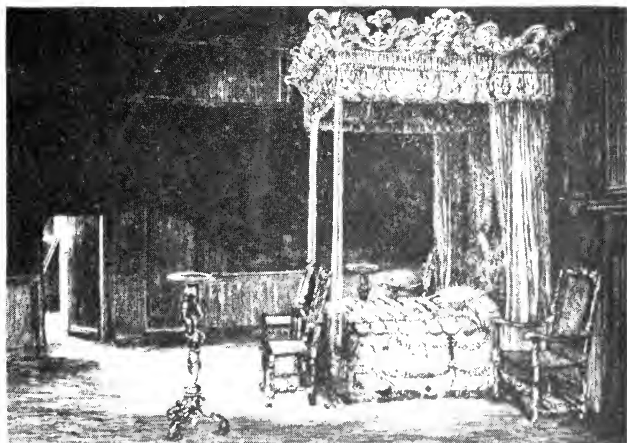
Mary dreaded the bleak and barren hills of Scotland as a living tomb. She dreaded the return to a people to whom she had become a stranger, whose religious faith she could not share. But there seemed no escape. So, sad and disconsolate, a widow at eighteen, she sailed from Calais. She stood on the deck and saw through a mist of tears the fast-receding coast of France. As Henry Eighth had tried to capture her when she sailed to France eleven years before, so Elizabeth made the same attempt on her return; but the fog wrapped closely around and protected her all the way.

Nothing could have been more depressing than Mary's entrance into Scotland. Her horses were captured by the English. She and her ladies were compelled to mount such sorry-looking nags as could be obtained. The way to Edinburgh lay deep in mud. Her French attendants laughed at the wretchedness of the scene. The rain poured down. "The city was hidden from my sight," said Mary. "Even the rocks wept bitter tears on my return."

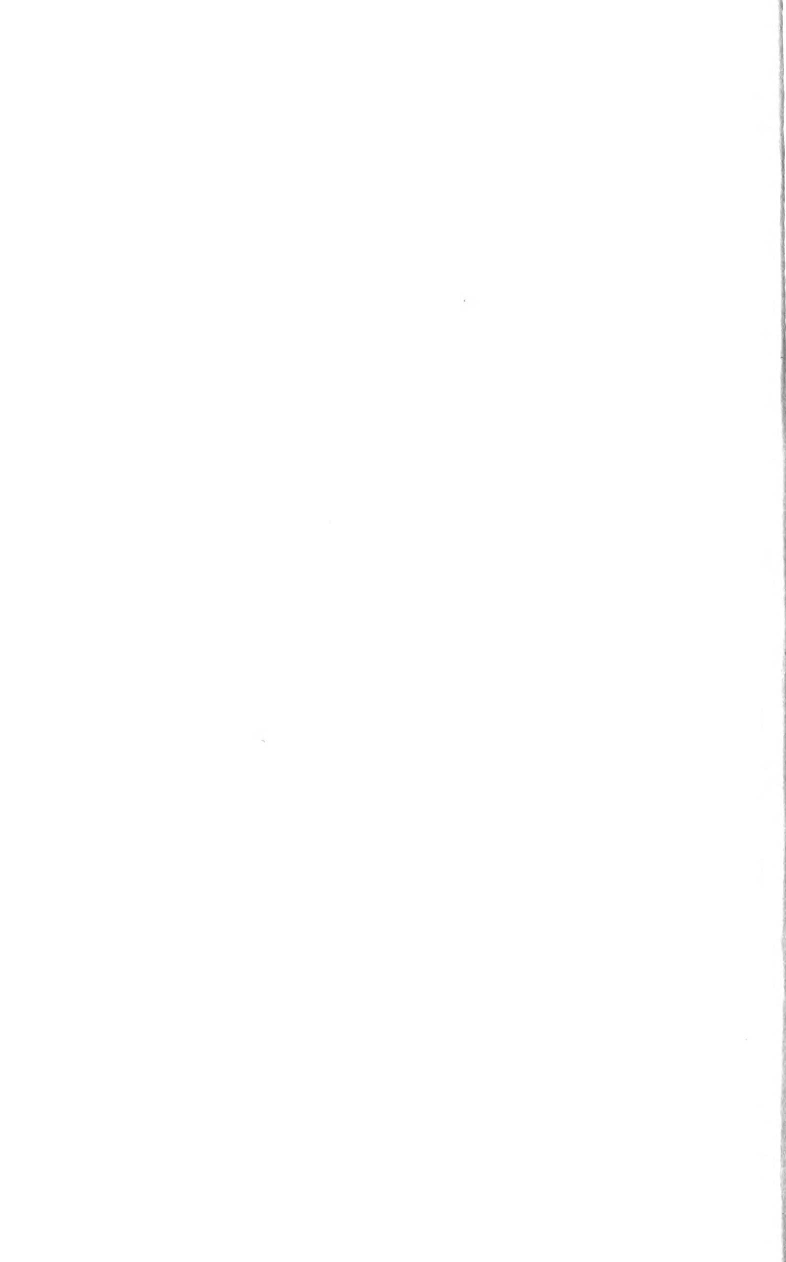
She spent her first night at Holyrood. The interior was dreary and cheerless. Carpets were unknown. The damp stone corridors and gloomy chambers were strewn with rushes. Her elegant attendants, fresh from the splendors of the court of the Valois, showed their wonder and dismay on their faces. The good people of Edinburgh assembled to do her honor, and played upon their bagpipes the whole night long, making sleep impossible. During the long hours of that night Mary realized as never before the difficulties to which she had returned. Perhaps through the darkness she saw the gloomy figures of Murray, Morton, and Ruthven, and heard at the door the voice of her relentless enemy, John Knox. The first chapter in her life was ended. She had turned over the page—and how different is the story written on the other side!



Holyrood Castle



Apartment of Mary at Holyrood



THE SECOND EPOCH

When Mary returned to Scotland her staunchest ally, her devoted mother, was dead. Gone, indeed, were all those who had guided her youth. Around the maturity of Elizabeth of England clustered all those men who made for England her Golden Age. Around the youth of Mary of Scotland the enlightened men were few and far between.

Edinburgh was not then the splendid city it is now. Like so many of the old towns, once quaint and picturesque and stately, it has become modern. But the *old* town, where once it clustered between Edinburgh Castle and Holyrood, was certainly one of the most picturesque spots on earth. The rock on which Edinburgh Castle stands was occupied as a stronghold by the Picts many centuries before our era. Its story is in a large measure the history of Scotland. The new town of Edinburgh is quite a modern city, but the old town is dark even on bright days. In wet weather it fairly weeps. Perhaps its tears are of remorse and sorrow. Scarce a threshold there but has been stained with murder. The pavement might yet be slippery with blood all the way from Edinburgh Castle down to Holyrood.

But Mary brought her French civilization back to Scotland with her. It was not long till Holyrood was transformed. Turkish rugs and silken

curtains took the place of withered rushes and barren windows. All the splendid things she had collected while Dauphiness of France were brought hither. She had her harp and her pictures, her embroidery and her books, beautiful books printed on illuminated vellum and richly bound, books in Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, books of poetry and romance, history and chronicles, books of science and art — all bearing witness to her education and her accomplishments. Of all these treasures there is now no trace at Holyrood. All have vanished. They are scattered, ruined, destroyed. There is nothing sadder in all the world than the ancient royal residences. Here at Holyrood the shadows of the past lie thick about one, and he sees in fancy the fair figures of the beautiful court flitting to and fro. The apartments are musty and dingy and dark with age. They ill accord now with our idea of magnificence. The arras is faded and moth-eaten, the hanging of the beds in tatters. The pictures look down from their blackened frames and regard you in ghostly fashion. As one wanders over these memory-haunted spots, he feels as the poet has expressed it:

> —— like one who treads alone
> Some banquet hall deserted,
> Whose lights are fled and garlands dead,
> And all but him departed.

We are telling the story of Mary Stuart's private life, not that of the Reformation, the general history of Scotland, its battles, uprisings, insurrections. One or two things, however, must be kept in mind. The fact that Mary was so essentially French was a great thorn in the Scotch flesh. She was different from themselves, and she could not make herself otherwise any more than the leopard can change its spots. The tragedy of her life was due to two things. The first seems trivial enough, but it will sometimes extend to unmeasurable lengths. It was jealousy — the personal jealousy of the vain, coquettish, admiration-loving, unmarried queen of England, who was no longer in her youth, for the lovable, affectionate, sweet-natured, still-youthful queen of Scotland, who was the mother of a son. The other cause was the great religious upheaval — the Reformation. The tempest gathered and broke over Mary Stuart's head, and was the greatest struggle in her troubled career. The two elements at war could no more mix than can oil and water, and the right and wrong of the matter is a question every man will settle for himself. In order to understand things rightly, we should have to go back through the four centuries to the conditions as they then existed, and that is impossible. All we can do now is to accept the verdict which history has written. The battle was

to the strong. To the victor belonged the spoils. Like everyone else who has a faith, Mary clung to hers. She was French, therefore Catholic. Nothing could change her.

Volumes have been written about the love affairs of Mary Stuart. She had but one. Her youthful marriage to Francis Second was a love affair in every sense of the word. The rest were royal episodes.

Shortly after her return to Scotland there had come from France in the suite of the Marshal D'Amville a romantic, impressionable young man with a love for music and poetry in his soul. He formed a passionate attachment for the queen and followed wherever she went. Mary smiled upon him, as was her custom with everyone, not supposing that his admiration was different from that of her other followers. On one occasion he presented her with a volume of his poems and she gave him a handsome horse in return. Misinterpreting her graciousness, he fell madly in love with her, lost all prudence and self-control, in fact went almost mad. One night the queen's ladies discovered him, armed with dagger and sword, under her bed. Mary pitied him and would not allow him to be punished until he had committed a second similar offense. This time the news of his wild folly reached the ears of the council and provoked the members of

that body to such a degree that he was beheaded in the market-place at St. Andrews. This young man was Pierre de Chastelard, and the episode of his unfortunate love for Mary has been the theme of many an artist and poet.

The Queen of Scots realized that there was no way in which she could so strengthen her own position and win a point over her English cousin and adversary as to marry again. If she could establish the succession in Scotland, all would be well. Many were the suitors who presented themselves. Elizabeth would have liked to select Mary's husband for her. She even offered her her own prime favorite, Lord Leicester, but Mary refused him with scorn. At last she married her cousin, Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, a union which, like everything else connected with her life from this time on, proved disastrous. Darnley was a mere youth. He was the next lineal heir, after Mary herself, to the crown of England. He was wild and foolish and vain and stubborn, a past master in the art of making trouble wherever he went. From the day of the wedding the unbroken succession of sorrow and suffering which were to end in nineteen years of imprisonment and death began. But the marriage to Darnley was a blow to Elizabeth. Mary could now defy her, and her position as claimant to the English throne was greatly strengthened.

What a change came over Mary's life and character after this ill-fated marriage! She was now a beautiful, accomplished woman of twenty-two, and was rapidly acquiring a knowledge of the world unrivaled by any woman of her time. Darnley demanded to reign jointly with her, but she had learned already that he was not to be trusted. Those in power about her saw in Darnley's weakness a chance to get things into their own hands, and an episode trivial in itself gave them the opportunity.

One day not long after she had returned to her own country, Mary had a mass said in the chapel at Holyrood for her young husband, Francis of Valois. During the service she heard, ringing clear and powerful, an exquisite, matchless voice. She inquired who the singer was and learned that he was an Italian named David Rizzio, who had come from Italy with the Ambassador from Piedmont. Mary was passionately fond of music, and Rizzio was admitted to her presence. On acquaintance she found him to be a man of education. He could both read and write, which few of the Scottish nobles could do. She engaged him to be her secretary, and consequently he spent much time in her presence. The popular belief that Rizzio was young and handsome and that Mary was deeply in love with him is one of the unfounded fictions of

history. He was nearly fifty years old, slightly lame, and not at all good-looking. His sole qualities lay in his fine voice and his ability as a secretary.

It was easy enough, however, for the conspirators to convince the weak-minded Darnley that his honor was at stake, and although he knew that Mary was soon to become a mother and that the hope of the succession lay in the safe birth of her child, Darnley himself, accompanied by the bloodthirsty Scotchmen, entered Holyrood one night, stealthily, by way of the aisles of the Abbey Church, and came into the queen's apartments, where she was at supper with her ladies and Rizzio. Darnley entered first, alone. Like Judas of old, he went to his wife and kissed her. Glancing over his shoulder she saw his followers and became suspicious. She demanded the reason for their presence. They wished to speak to her secretary. Alarmed, she asked Darnley if he knew their purpose. He lied. He said he did not. But Rizzio knew. Like a frightened animal, he threw himself at the queen's feet and clung to her skirts. "Fear not," said Mary. "My husband will never allow harm to come to you in my presence." They rushed at him, overturning the table, and as he was behind the queen, in order to accomplish their work, they pierced him with their daggers over her shoulder, while Darnley held her hands. When life was

extinct they dragged him out into the hall, stabbed him with their daggers more than fifty times, and then flung the bleeding body down in the doorway. Mary had fainted, but when she recovered and learned that Rizzio was dead, she exclaimed, "Fare-well to tears. Think we now only on vengeance!" Of love for Darnley there had been little enough in Mary's heart, and now that she was convinced of his complicity in this most atrocious deed, she was filled with loathing of him. A few months later, in the Castle of Edinburgh, Mary gave birth to her son, James Sixth of Scotland, who afterward became James First of England — a man who was craven and a coward, whose kingly word even was not to be trusted. Who shall question the power of heredity when he remembers the character of James First? Who, remembering the condition of the queen when Rizzio was murdered in her pres-ence, and meditating upon the probable influence such a tragedy would have, not only on herself but on her unborn child — remembering also that cowardice and deceit and stubbornness full of mis-chief came into the Stuart family with this very child — shall say that the effect was not due to the cause? It is a strange fact, also, that for some unaccountable reason there springs often from just such vices of character as these a sensitiveness of feeling which responds feverishly to art and beauty

in its every form and manifestation. Nothing ever has, nothing ever will obliterate the picturesqueness of the Stuarts. How artistic and beautiful they were — James First, James Second, Charles First, Charles Second, Arabella Stuart, and Queen Anne! And yet, might not one, if he tried, see the shadow of Rizzio behind the handsome figure of Charles First when he stood on the scaffold at Whitehall?

As the days went by, the thought of how she could best be revenged engrossed Mary's mind. Darnley went to Glasgow, and while there contracted the smallpox. Mary arranged that he should occupy an unused house near the castle, called Kirk-o'-Field, afterward the site of Edinburgh University; and here we must turn aside from the story of Darnley for a moment to speak of the man who wrote by far the saddest chapter in Mary's tempestuous life, James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell.

Mary wrote a letter to Maitland of Lethington, perhaps the most influential man in her Council, telling him that she was determined to punish the murderers of Rizzio. He showed the letter to Bothwell, who was a nobleman from the Border and a ruffian noted for his villainies even there. He owned a castle — a fitting place for such as he — called the Hermitage, and to its gloomy fastnesses

he used to fly when he was pursued. In its dungeons many a hapless captive languished and died. Bothwell, when he learned of Mary's intention, took the law into his own hand. It will always be a question — an unanswerable question — whether Mary's determination to punish Rizzio's murderers included the assassination of her husband or not. That Bothwell saw the opportunity to be rid of him is undeniable. So one night he kept watch till after Mary had paid Darnley a visit and had returned to the castle, to be present at the wedding of one of her maids. Suddenly the air was rent by a terrific explosion. Kirk-o'-Field was destroyed, and in an adjoining field, in their night clothes, with no marks whatever of violence upon their bodies, Darnley and his valet were found dead. Bothwell had blown up the house with gunpowder, and the fact that the bodies were in no way mutilated gave rise to the suspicion that Darnley was first strangled to death. His fate secured for him a certain degree of compassion, but there was no redeeming feature in his character.

Although Mary had suffered much at his hands, she shut herself up in the castle after his death, apparently worn out by anxiety, some say remorse. She went through the form of punishing those concerned. Bothwell was acquitted, and to celebrate the fact he gave a banquet. When his followers

were under the influence of drink he compelled them to sign a paper, drawn up in favor of himself, in which they declared their belief in his innocence, their conviction that the queen should remarry, and that the most desirable husband to be found was himself. One more desperate measure was necessary to crown an act which has no parallel even in Scotland. Triumphant on every hand, master of the realm in deed if not in name, feared by those who did not hate him, untrammeled by any sense of honor, uninfluenced by pity, and unaffected by shame, Bothwell did not hesitate to take the final step. He knew the woman with whom he had to deal, and that to offer his suit would be only to be rejected with scorn. So he cast aside all remnants of caution and decency and set himself to compromise Mary so hopelessly that she would be compelled to marry him.

With a force of a thousand men, he set out, ostensibly to quell a riot on the Border. Instead, he lay in wait for Mary and her little party as they were returning from Stirling. He seized her horse's bridle and hurried her off to Dunbar Castle. No resistance was possible. For ten days he kept her prisoner there, refusing to allow her to see even her own servants. At the end of that time, broken in spirit and overcome with shame and melancholy, he took her, closely guarded, to Edin-

burgh. As they approached the town she turned her horse's head toward Holyrood, but Bothwell seized the bridle and led the horse up High Street to Edinburgh Castle. Already he had had the banns published twice before he allowed her to return, and a few days later, weeping as though her heart would break, Mary was married to Bothwell in the Council Chamber at Holyrood. Of all the acts of her career, this has been most bitterly denounced, but for some reason all have seemed to forget that she was helpless. She was hopelessly compromised already, so far as she herself was concerned. There was nothing left for Mary to do but to marry Bothwell. It was her only hope of saving either her life or her kingdom; but even in a country inured to shocks the action caused horror. The people rose against her, and Bothwell, coward that he was, fled, leaving Mary to face the storm. She had to endure the gibes and insults of the soldiers and the populace. The people who had idolized her now clamored for her life. Escape was necessary, and the few followers she had resolved upon the chance of smuggling her out of the city. Secretly they conveyed her to the old Castle of Loch Leven, where her condition was about as unhappy as it could well be. She was given her choice between a trial, a divorce from Bothwell, or abdication. She yielded to the inevi-

table. She was afraid of Bothwell. From a trial she knew she could not get justice, so she was forced to abdicate the crown and to appoint as regent her half-brother, Murray, a man whom she despised, and with reason. His mother, who was in a way Mary's jailor at Loch Leven, had been a favorite of James Fifth, Mary's own father, and Murray was the son of that illicit love. Now she was forced to appoint him guardian for her own little son.

To this period of Mary's life belongs the story of the *Casket Letters.* After the death of Darnley a little casket was unearthed from among Mary's possessions, and it was said to have been given to her by Bothwell. It was filled with love letters which she was supposed to have written him before the murder of Darnley. It is now generally conceded that the casket letters were forged, but, whether genuine or not, they played a great part in Mary's life. The chief thing in favor of their genuineness was that they were written in beautiful French; but there is nothing to prove that Mary knew much of Bothwell until after Darnley's death, and her evident fear and horror of him after this sad experience will scarcely allow the impartial to believe, in the first place, that she wrote the letters at all; in the second, that if she did write them they would be in her possession instead of his. It is well known, however, that it was on account of

these letters that Mary would not stand trial. She knew that they would be produced in evidence, and genuine or forged, would work to her disadvantage. Soon after this Bothwell passed out of Mary's life. His career was crowned by madness and death in foreign captivity, and his marriage to Mary was dissolved by the Pope at her request.

Mary made friends with the young son of the keeper and through him escaped from Loch Leven. One night while the family was at dinner he laid his napkin softly on the keys and picked them up. Then he let Mary out and locked the family in. He assisted her into a boat and rowed her across the lake. Once she was free, she determined to strike one more blow for the throne she had been forced to renounce. There were still many to be found who upheld the Catholic faith and the Stuart cause. Six thousand men rallied to her standard, but Murray was too powerful. From the towers of Cathcart Castle, Mary saw her army routed. Once more she fled, trying to reach Dumbarton, but her lords implored her to leave the country. So she altered her course, and riding hard, reached Dundrennan Abbey, almost on the shore of the Solway, where she spent her last night on the soil of Scotland. The next day she crossed the Solway Firth in a fishing-vessel and landed at Cumberland, put-

The casket letters

ting herself into the realm of that other monarch in whose power it was to destroy her.

A hunted fugitive, saddened and overwhelmed by her misfortunes, Mary wrote her English cousin asking for mercy and protection. Elizabeth wavered, but only for a moment. Guided by the advice of her councilors, who saw in the fugitive queen, now actually in England, a greater menace than when she was in Scotland, she directed that Mary be treated with respect but kept in safe custody. Mary begged a personal interview. Elizabeth declined to grant it, giving as a ridiculous reason that Mary was still under suspicion of having had a hand in the murder of Darnley. So Mary became a prisoner, and was to remain so the rest of her life.

The years went by. Mary was removed first to Tutbury, thence to Wingfield, thence to Chatsworth, thence to Sheffield. In every case she was poorly cared for. The apartments were cold and bleak and damp, and her health began to give way. She grew desperate. The English queen watched incessantly for some opportunity to entangle her in something for which she could be lawfully tried and punished, and at last the chance was hers. Mary was implicated in the plot of Anthony Babbington to kill Elizabeth — an implication

proved beyond all doubt by the seizure of the correspondence. Mary was worn out with the long struggle, and, whereas formerly she would have gone to any length to keep the peace with Elizabeth, now she would have killed her if she could. While the enormity of the crime of murder is always the same, under all the circumstances Mary should not be judged too harshly. She was clutching at a straw. Every one of us will do desperate things when we are worn to the bone with suffering and are finally pushed to the wall. Mary had afforded enough evidence against herself now to be punished. She was arrested and her prison was changed once more, to the Castle of Fotheringay, in Northamptonshire. For eighteen years she had gone from prison to prison, but when the gray walls of Fotheringay were before her she knew it would be the last stopping-place on her journey.

The years of confinement had told upon the Queen of Scots. The tall, proud carriage was bent and worn. The sweet face bore signs of ceaseless suffering. The brown hair was turning gray. But truly her pride and her spirit defied the ravages of time. Unconquered she was when she threw herself upon Elizabeth's mercy. Two decades had not crushed her. She still looked into the dark future with a stout heart. During all the years of her captivity she had met insult with insult, pride with

greater pride. If she wished a thing she demanded it as a right, not as a concession. She had fought a long, hard fight. She was vanquished. None knew it better than she, yet she scorned to beg for life.

The commissioners were appointed to try her. She declined to be tried, saying that as she was not an English woman she could not be lawfully tried in England. Finally, however, she agreed to go to the Council Hall. She was formally charged with conspiracy to kill Elizabeth. Sentence of death was passed upon her. Parliament approved. All that was necessary now was the signature of the queen. Mary heard all this undismayed, and thanked God that her long captivity was about to end.

Several weeks went by. Elizabeth was shuffling with the death warrant. Shut up in her castle, Mary had heard absolutely no news from outside since the trial. A dreadful silence seemed to haunt the place. The seeming lull, telling neither of life nor death, was worse than the certainty of death itself. Countenances were either awe-struck or heedless. Her jailor knew not whether to treat her as a queen or a criminal.

Finally there came a day in November when she was told that Elizabeth had given orders to her jailors to treat her as one dead, showing her no

honors or consideration. She replied that she was a queen by birth, and that no amount of ill treatment could alter that fact. The keeper tore down the Coat-of-Arms of Scotland which hung above her bed. She promptly hung her crucifix up in its place. Weeks and weeks followed, weeks of unbroken silence, no tidings, either good or bad, from outside. Mary knew not what to think of a silence so profound, and feared that they meant to do away with her by means of dagger or poison. She wrote to Elizabeth expressing this fear, asking that she might be executed in public and that her body might be sent back to France to lie in consecrated ground. This letter, written one might say on the very steps of the scaffold, is stamped with a supreme sadness and is full of dignity. Elizabeth did not answer that letter. She could not. Things were approaching a crisis. An unspeakable uneasiness was in the air. The public mind was inflamed. The people were weighed down with secret terror. There was no longer any doubt that Mary was to be put to death.

At last the Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury sent word one day that they wished to see her. Mary replied that, not feeling well, she had not risen that day, but that if the matter did not admit of delay she would get up at once. On receiving their answer, she rose, was dressed by her ladies, and

sent word that she was waiting. The Earl of Shrewsbury informed her that the warrant had been signed and that the sentence was about to be carried out. Mary's sole reply was to make the sign of the Cross. When they had departed she began to settle the order of her last day. She made her will, wrote a letter to her uncle, the Duke of Guise, paid her servants, and gave them letters of discharge. When these things were accomplished she said there was nothing more for her to do. Supper was served. She ate little, as was her custom. Watching and anxiety had wearied her, and fearing that her strength might forsake her, she went to bed. She fell asleep, and those who watched beside her gave evidence that her last night on earth was peaceful, untroubled by fear or dreams.

In the morning she rose early, and when the summons came she was ready. Her physician threw himself at her feet and said, "Madame, Your Majesty is aware of our affection, also that it wrings our hearts to hand you over to your enemies. We will gladly follow you, but ask us not to lead you forth to death!"

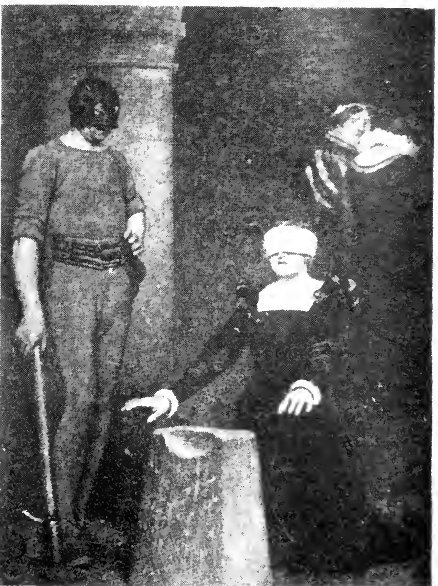
"You are right," she answered, "and faithful. I myself will go first."

Although the beauty of her youth had passed away during those nineteen years of captivity,

although the torture of the slowly revolving months had crippled her body, when that white-veiled figure passed into the great hall at Fotheringay all were impressed with the majesty of her presence. She had been but twenty-six years old when she had sought refuge and found a prison in England. Now she was forty-five — in the very prime of life. When her uncle, the Duke of Guise, heard of her sentence, he exclaimed, "She will know how to die!" That prophecy was fulfilled. During her last hours she spoke frequently of her youth in France, seemingly forgetting the wretchedness which followed. She prayed for her son, whom she had been made to believe had forsaken her, and for Scotland always!

It was a cold, damp, dark, gloomy morning in February. The great, shadowy apartment was made more somber by the black with which the walls and the scaffold were draped. The only gleam of color came from the blood-red suit of the executioner, who stood sullenly by the block, ax in hand. No sound was heard save the footsteps of the grim procession as it passed over the stone floor. At the foot of the stairs Mary's attendants were ordered back to their apartment. She asked why they might not accompany her, and was told it was feared they might lose their self-control and weep. "I will promise for them," she answered,

Abdication of the Queen



The execution

and they were allowed to remain. With as little ceremony as though she had been the most hardened criminal, she was disrobed in the presence of all those men, standing before them in short skirt and sleeveless bodice. According to the ancient custom, the executioner asked forgiveness for what he was about to do. Mary began to say in Latin the prayers of her church, with which she was so familiar, and even those who thought her guilty could not keep back the tears. Her eyes were bandaged. She laid her head upon the block. The executioner seemed to hesitate a moment, and during the pause Mary said, in a voice which penetrated to the farthest corner of the dark hall, "Into Thy hands, O Christ. Into Thy hands!" The first stroke of the ax did not kill her, and the executioner, furious at such a mishap, drove the second into the block so deeply that the ax could not be extricated. The Earl of Shrewsbury lifted the severed head and in half-hearted fashion cried, "Long live Queen Elizabeth! So perish all her enemies. Amen."

With all Mary's faults, the people never ceased to love her. It is a well-known fact that she was executed within the walls because of the fear of an uprising. Fotheringay was to witness one more scene connected with its illustrious prisoner. Six months later, in the darkness of the night, its draw-

bridge was lowered and portcullis raised to permit the passing of a funeral train—the last historic function which was to occur within its walls. By the flickering light of torches, dimly illuminating the grim old stronghold, followed by those who had remained faithful, and by the poor, into whose life she had entered as a benediction, all that was mortal of Mary Queen of Scots passed outward from the dream-haunted prison to the restful peace of the cathedral at Peterborough. James Sixth, with all his despicable characteristics, demanded of Elizabeth a fitting resting-place for his mother, and when he was king himself he had Fotheringay torn down, and Mary's body was removed from the cathedral to Westminster Abbey, where it of rights belonged.

Four centuries have not sufficed to set at rest the fierce and seemingly interminable controversy over the character and reign of Mary Stuart, and one is quite safe in assuming that four centuries from now it will be no nearer a solution than at present. So long as there is a Scotchman, a Frenchman, an Englishman, a Catholic, and a Protestant on earth, each will settle the question for himself.

There is no more fascinating pursuit than a visit to Scotland for the purpose of following up the story of the Queen of Scots steps by step. Over the paths she trod, and through those royal apart-

ments, now dingy with age, where from time to time she dwelt, the lover of her romantic history will walk with reverence. Yet not even in this manner may her story best be learned. He who delights in History as expressed in Art will find it written more plainly in her portraits—in the change which came over her countenance as the years went by.

There is a legend that one of the ancients, gazing for the first time upon the golden Helen of Troy, cried out:

> Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
> And burned the topless towers of Ilium?

So in studying the story of Mary Stuart we may easily ask ourselves this same question. Was this the face?

Her hair was the reddish-brown characteristic of the Stuarts. Her eyebrows were arched and delicately pencilled. Her eyes were long and narrow and somewhat far apart. In youth her face wore an expression of open-hearted candor, but it changed to a somewhat sly and crafty look in her later years. As a child she had perfect health. Her color was fresh. She was hardy as a mountaineer. During her life in France all her portraits show the frank, open countenance, but after the death of her young husband her complexion changed to one of dazzling pallor, heightened

perhaps by the costume of white mourning she wore. They called her the little white widow. It was not until after her marriage with Darnley that the change in her countenance began. The look of candor disappeared. She was becoming a diplomat.

It is the unanimous verdict of both friend and enemy that Mary was beautiful, that she had great personal charm, attractiveness little short of witchery. But she was a creature of infinitely changeful moods, flashing readily from laughter to tears. Her beauty was of that elusive sort which often baffles not only the painter but the photographer. Something seemed to stand between the artist and her beauty. Only one or two have caught a fleeting glimpse of that intangible something which not infrequently makes even the plainest countenance radiant.

If we compare the portraits of the Queen of Scots which were made before her imprisonment with those made after it began we shall find ourselves asking the old question — was this the face? Was this the face which caused the relentless John Knox to say, " Our young queen is most pleasing — were it not for her heresy "? Was this the face which made her foe, Elizabeth of England, exclaim gloomily, " There is something divine about my cousin Stuart's face "? Was this the face which

caused the people of Edinburgh to call out as she rode through the street: "Heaven's blessing on that sweet face"? Was this the face the memory of which wrung the cry from Chastelard as he stood on the scaffold at St. Andrews, "I am dying for thee, thou cruel, but, ah! the fairest queen on earth"?

It is in the portraits painted during her captivity that the change of countenance is more noticeable. Of these there are four. One is a canvas owned by the Earl of Levin and Melville. In this the face has taken on an expression of melancholy. There is a fascination about it, a charm which is irresistible. It is an altogether human face — the face of a queen who looked her part. Another was made during her confinement at Sheffield, and is known as the Sheffield portrait. It is now in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. The third is the celebrated portrait owned by the Earl of Morton — still the same face, only older by many years, sadder by half an eternity. Eighteen years of captivity, with all that goes with it, have done their work. The fourth was painted at Fotheringay. The end is already in sight. It is a face altogether sad and thoughtful, as of one who had little happiness to look back upon and nothing at all to which to look forward. Still later came the memorial

portrait. It reveals a face no longer beautiful, perhaps, but powerful — a dignified, majestic figure, every inch a queen.

On the walls at Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott, hangs a picture of Mary Stuart which all the world should see. It is the severed head — the face after death. No words of tongue or pen can tell so plainly the story of her life and suffering. In looking at it, one feels instinctively that she has found in death "that peace which the world cannot give."

There is no spot in that great cathedral where rest the royal dead of England around which romance and poetry cluster more thickly than that where the Stuarts lie asleep. In a tiny space, comparatively, only seven by twelve feet and six feet high, are packed on and around the casket of the Queen of Scots, the bodies of Arabella Stuart, of Henry Prince of Wales, Henry of Oatlands, Mary Princess of Orange, Prince Rupert, Elizabeth, the beautiful Queen of Bohemia, William Duke of Gloucester, the ten children of James Second, the eighteen children of Queen Anne, only one of whom required a full-sized casket, all the illegitimate children of Charles Second, Charles himself, William and Mary, and Queen Anne with whom the House of Stuart ceased to be. The silence which fills the chapel is profound, and who can stand within it and

not ask himself this question: What was it — the original sin, never forgiven or forgotten — which brought down upon this royal family a doom so terrible, so complete?

III

A VICTIM OF THE REVOLUTION

Marie Antoinette

Marie Antoinette in youth

III

A VICTIM OF THE REVOLUTION

Marie Antoinette

THE French Revolution fell with deadly violence upon the reign of Louis Sixteenth. The sins of the father were visited upon the children, not only to the third and fourth, but to the tenth and twelfth generations. Nothing could have turned the tempest then from its chosen path. The great death-struggle between Royalty and Revolution was already on when Louis Sixteenth came to the throne.

In his *History of the French Revolution*, Carlyle makes use of a striking illustration. He says:

> The oak tree grows silently in the forest for a thousand years. But there comes one day the woodsman with his ax, and the oak announces its own destruction when, with far-sounding crash, it falls. How silent also was the planting of that acorn, dropped it may be from the lap of some wandering wind! Not even the most observant could tell you when the tree first put forth its leaves. These things befell not suddenly. They were slowly done — not in an hour, nor a day, nor a century, but in the flight of ages.

It was exactly thus that conditions in France, born as they were of centuries of abuse, grew into a desperate disease, necessitating a desperate remedy. The great French Revolution is without a parallel in history.

Away back in 1274 there was a king in France called Louis Ninth. He was a pious and gentle man, with integrity of character and sincerity of purpose. He left the affairs of his kingdom in the hands of his mother, Blanche of Castile, and became the devoted leader of the Seventh Crusade. He gave his life for the cause. The French people loved him and forever afterward honored his memory. They called him Saint Louis.

It is a far flight from 1274 to 1774, but the kings of France during those five hundred years made France what she was. For a few years after the death of Saint Louis, each king followed his predecessor, reigned a few years and died, and the affairs of the kingdom changed but little. But as early as the days of Philip Fifth, that turbulence and disorder, the final outcome of which was the French Revolution, began to seethe in France. Sometimes it slumbered for a generation and then broke forth anew. In the long line of monarchs, only a few are worthy of mention. True, there was Henry of Navarre, who stole an hour every day in which to play with his children — who used

to wander through the streets of Paris in disguise that he might see the children of the city — who grieved because every peasant in his kingdom could not have a fowl for dinner on Sunday. He loved his people and tried to better their condition, but those who followed after him promptly undid what he had accomplished.

The immediate predecessors of Louis Sixteenth did nothing great for France. It is true that Louis Fourteenth, when asked whom he would have for his minister, said, "I will have no minister. I will have no council. I am the State!" It is true that during his reign he was the finest figure on the stage of Europe. It is true that the splendor of his court outshone that of any other court in Christendom, but it is also true that the people paid for the maintenance of that court by the sweat of their brows. It is likewise true that its splendor was fictitious, its brilliancy artificial; that the character of the king contained few elements of real strength or greatness; that when his reign was ended (and it was the longest reign in history — seventy-two years) his system of government was as miserable and decrepit as himself. It is the custom to speak of the reign of Louis Fourteenth as an epoch of great industrial, literary, and artistic progress. But the author of the *History of Civilization* has punctured this bubble and has

proved the intellectual greatness of the age to have been a fiction.

It is not often that a king about to die gives advice to a great-grandson about to succeed him, but this was the case with Louis Fourteenth. His son was dead. His grandson was dead, and his great-grandson stood ready to take his place. To him the old king said:

"My son, you are about to become king of a great nation. I most strongly recommend you this: Keep the peace with your neighbors. I have been too fond of war. Do not follow my example in that, nor in my too lavish expenditure. Seek advice in all things, and endeavor to accomplish that which I have not been able to do."

Little did Louis Fifteenth heed the advice of his great-grandfather. He made a Marquise of the butcher's daughter and gave not only himself but the affairs of his country into her keeping. As his illustrious great-grandfather had said, "I am the State," Louis Fifteenth might well have said, "Madame Pompadour and I are the State!" At last he died, of loathsome and terrible diseases, leaving a kingdom exhausted of its resources by his vices and extravagances, a state badly in debt as the result of his needless and inglorious wars, a people burdened with taxation, a tottering fabric of government rotten to the core—and this was

Louis Sixteenth's inheritance! Moreover, a change had come over the spirit of the age. The *people* refused to be further ignored. The fiery spirit of aroused France was no longer to be lulled to sleep with cradle-songs. The days of pleasure were things of the past, and the poor young king, whose ancestors for five hundred years had sown the wind, was left to reap the whirlwind.

In the midst of that cyclonic and all-pervasive storm, the French Revolution, the great, illumined figure of a woman stood out in bold relief. It was that of the queen — Marie Antoinette. About her all things seemed to center. Her story, rightly read, can excite neither malignity nor envy, for a feeling adverse to her cannot exist which the recollection of her misfortunes does not convert into pity. Neither is it possible to separate her story from that of the king. They were one and the same. The sympathy which existed between them gave them courage to struggle on and fight together to the end. The love they bore each other and their little children became, in time of stress, their refuge and their strength.

We know that policy in monarchs is paramount to every other consideration. Maria Theresa was Empress of Austria and had four daughters. Like her envied contemporary, Catherine of Russia, she consulted no ties of nature in the disposal of her

children. She hoped that Louis Fifteenth would aid her in recovering some of the territory which the king of Prussia had wrested from her ancient domain. She knew the character of old Louis to the letter, and drew her own conclusions as to the effect which youth and beauty would have upon such a king and such a court. Therefore the youngest and most beautiful of the daughters was set apart for France. As for the future bridegroom, then sixteen years of age, who was later to be Louis Sixteenth, he was left outside the calculation. Whether the plan appealed to him mattered little to this scheming empress-mother. So during the time when Madame Pompadour ruled not only the king but all France as well, Maria Theresa proposed the union of the Dauphin with her daughter, Marie Antoinette. She flattered the king's favorite in the most wily fashion until the plan received her hearty support. She left no stone unturned until the proxy of the Dauphin had been sent to Vienna to wed the princess in his name.

Here beginneth the story of the tragedy! All the zeal with which this union was supported could not subdue the prejudice against it. France has never looked with complacency upon alliances with the house of Austria, and the greatest distaste for this one prevailed, not only among the members of the court but within the royal family itself. Louis

Louis Sixteenth, King of France

Fifteenth had two unmarried daughters. They had had much to do with the care and education of the Dauphin. They openly expressed their aversion, their hostility. It was useless. The feeling against Austria which prevailed in France was too strong to be overcome by any state policy, and where Maria Theresa meditated a triumph for herself she built for her daughter a scaffold. Before the little bride arrived in France, Madame Pompadour died, and the interests of Austria sank to the lowest depths. The old king was again without a favorite, but the Duc de Richelieu was at hand and supplied Louis Fifteenth with the last of his mistresses — the notorious Comtesse du Barri. When the little Austrian princess arrived she met scarcely a friend and an army of foes.

Her enemies were both open and concealed. They beset her on all sides. The two maiden aunts of the Dauphin were especially implacable. They had tried to steer the young prince away from the channel in which Louis Fifteenth had travelled, and, if they did nothing else, they fostered in him a disgust for licentiousness and a regard for morality which were the strongest elements in his character. But they left no means unessayed to steel him against his prospective bride. They impressed upon him the misfortunes which must spring upon his family and himself from Austrian influence, and

such was their ascendancy over him that for a long time it prevailed against all the allurement of a young and beautiful woman whose charming amiability, vivacity, and graceful manners became the universal admiration. But Marie Antoinette was a simple, unsophisticated, whole-hearted girl, and, naturally, was unable to cope with all of these prejudices.

On the day after her arrival the state dinner took place in the beautiful palace of Versailles. Of Louis Fourteenth's stupendous extravagance, this palace is the most colossal monument. Voltaire called it the *abyss* of expense. But Louis Fourteenth wished to be thought immortal. So he built this palace and moved his court there, because, forsooth, from the windows of his former residence in the Tuileries he could see the towers of St. Denis, where all the dead and gone kings of France lay buried!

From foundation to dome, the brilliant lights glittered and sparkled. The palace was filled with courtiers in gala dress. Outwardly all was as it should be. But within the state dining-room the daughter of Maria Theresa was filled with dismay and anger when she found herself seated on the king's left hand and Madame du Barri on his right. Three of the ladies-in-waiting arose from

the table and left the palace, never to return until after the old king's death. Marie Antoinette complained to her royal mother of this indignity; but the latter, too wise to interfere so early in the game, sent back the laconic answer: "Where the sovereign himself presides, no guest is objectionable."

This was the inauspicious beginning. After it the difficulties of her position doubled and multiplied. The first time the wrath of the court fell upon her was on account of the court costume — the enormous hoop-skirts and crinolines. Ever since the days of Anne of Austria the court of Versailles had been wedded to two things — its etiquette and its pageantries. Marie Antoinette was young and beautiful — a thing which the antiquated court dowagers could not forgive. She determined that she would not wear these monstrosities, and clad her girlish figure in sweet and simple gowns. The habitués of the court cried out in dismay and complained to the king. Louis remonstrated with her. He told her how the factories, trades-people, costumers, et cetera, would suffer if she did anything to lessen the expensive and gorgeous court costume then *en vogue*. At last she agreed to wear it in public if in private she might dress as she pleased. This permission the king granted her; but while the court ladies suddenly imitated everything she

did and wore, they continued to cry out against her as a Martin Luther of the fashions — and what greater crime could there be in France?

The first lady-in-waiting was Madame de Noailles. She was a thorn in Marie Antoinette's flesh, but the position was hereditary in her family. Capability and fitness had nothing to do with the case. Her element was etiquette, but it was the etiquette of ages before the flood. She was methodical in all things. She had a rule for everything — how to sit down, how to stand up, how to go to bed, how to get up again. Marie Antoinette's sense of the ridiculous was too strong not to burst forth at sight of her. She gave her the laughable title of Madame Etiquette — a title which, though conferred in merriment, was never forgiven. One day, while walking through the park, the little princess stumbled and fell. She refused to rise from the ground till someone went for Madame Etiquette to show her just how she should do it. These and other like escapades, only the spontaneous outburst of spirits of a sixteen-year-old girl, were cherished, and in after years, when the opportunity came, Madame de Noailles declared against the queen in a crisis of great importance.

Louis Fifteenth, shameless old scamp that he was, conceived the brilliant idea of supplanting his

grandson in the affections of Marie Antoinette and making her his own queen. With this end in view, he encouraged with all his might the Dauphin's coolness toward her. He threw every obstacle in the way of their becoming even well acquainted with each other. Both were young — mere children. They had been married by proxy in Vienna, the Dauphin being represented by a member of the court. The king had their apartments placed at opposite ends of the palace. He backed up his attentions with diamonds and other pretty gifts, which the little princess, in her artlessness, accepted with no thought of evil; and it was at this time that Louis Fifteenth gave orders for the famous diamond necklace which is a part of Marie Antoinette's history. Madame du Barri could not fail to see Louis' predilection for his new grand-daughter-in-law, and her rage and jealousy knew no bounds. With the assistance of the maiden aunts, she used every means in her power to get the object of their hatred sent back to Vienna.

By and by, however, the little Dauphiness grew weary of her position at court. Utterly ignorant of old Louis' designs, so apparent to everyone else, she one day complained bitterly to the Duchess of Grammont, who was a confidential friend of the king, of the fact that she was so entirely separated

from her young husband as not to be able even to speak to him except in the most public manner. The Duchess laughed and said:

"Well, if I were a young and beautiful wife, and neglected as you are, I should certainly not trouble myself to remove the obstacle by seeking my husband. There are others of superior rank ready to take his place."

Marie Antoinette could not understand this allusion of the Duchess, but it is evident that the latter took this opportunity to sound her upon what she was commissioned to carry on in favor of the king, and that she was led to abandon the project only when the princess expressed herself so decidedly in favor of her young husband as to leave no doubt in the mind of the Duchess as to the groundlessness of old Louis' hopes. The king, when he found that he could not carry out his plan, took steps to mask his villainy. The first of these was to change the Dauphin's apartments for some nearer those of his wife.

In time, however, a circumstance occurred which made a great change in the relative position of all at court. Worn with the excesses of sixty-five years, the old king fell ill of smallpox and was about to die. Marie Antoinette was frightened. She realized what that would mean — also her own youth and inexperience. She remembered that she

and her husband were no more than strangers. She thought of his indifference toward her and the prejudices which had inspired it. Finally, one night, that fateful cry, "The King is Dead — Long Live the King!" echoed and reëchoed through the long corridors of the palace. She burst into tears and exclaimed:

"*Mon Dieu!* We are too young to reign!"

For once the etiquette of the court, which she had looked upon as such an abomination, brought her happiness, for it required that between the death and the burial of the old king the new king should not leave his apartments. So, for the first time, the young people met and visited with each other in unaffected freedom, and away from the intrigues and the spies of the court, Louis Sixteenth awoke to the loveliness and charm of his young wife. In fact, he fell madly in love with her. It had been more than four years since her ambitious mother had sent her forth from Vienna to wed an unknown prince filled with prejudice not only against her country but herself. From this day forth, however, they lived together in the closest sympathy and affection.

The new king was only twenty. He was not altogether prepossessing in appearance. He had a somewhat uninteresting face. He was large of build, and had a deep bass voice which fairly roared

when he talked. He was naturally timid, bashful. In his younger days, especially, he had not a pleasing presence, and those who did not know him well called him stupid. He was of a mechanical turn of mind. He liked to work at a forge, and could make locks and keys quite skillfully. His good qualities and virtues were generally known and acknowledged, and all France hastened to do him honor. After the long and corrupt reign of Louis Fifteenth, the most cheering changes were expected, on account of the high moral standard which it was known Louis Sixteenth had set up for himself. Nor was the little queen less beloved at this time, except by the few depraved ones who were jealous of the wonderful powers of pleasing which so eminently distinguished Marie Antoinette from the rest of her court.

The coronation took place in the Cathedral of Rheims on the tenth of May, 1774. It is providential that the future is hidden from us, else the songs of rejoicing on this day might well have ended in a dirge! Well would it have been for Marie Antoinette had the plotters had their way and sent her back to Vienna! Had she returned there, her life might have been spent in that domestic peace which was her sole ambition. She never cared to be a queen. This was thrust upon her. Had she returned she might have gone down

to the peaceful tomb of her august ancestors, leaving the page of history unstained by its greatest crime.

But this period of the queen's happiness was brief and fleeting. The intriguers were at work. Every little act, every innocent move, they commented upon with damaging effect, and managed to diffuse a strong impression of her want of feeling. Her education had been most imperfect. Her mother had purposely had it so. She felt this keenly when she went to France, and being conscious of it, was inclined to avoid those women of the court who were well educated and who would have been of great service to her. In after years she strove to remedy this lack of early training, and when she was herself a mother determined that her children should not suffer from errors of which she felt herself to be the victim. The avoidance of the well-informed women of the court was fatal to her, for it planted the seeds for the future accusations as to her frivolity and heartlessness.

One of the earliest of the paltry complaints against her was because she did not counterfeit deep grief at the death of the old king. When the court made its visit of condolence to the new king, not finding the nineteen-year-old queen bathed in hypocritical tears, they declared her the rudest and most indecorous of princesses. The

next ridiculous complaint was because the natural modesty and womanliness of the queen rendered unbearable to her the public ceremony of dressing herself which had been for so long customary at the French court. The *toilette* of the French woman of that day was an affair quite beyond our American comprehension. From time immemorial, the toilet of the ladies of the court, and of the queen in particular, had been a public ceremony! Anyone who happened to be present, any dignitary who had asked for an audience, was invited, as a great honor, to be present at the queen's toilet. Marie Antoinette endured this edifying performance for about ten days, and then declared that she would have no more of it. The first reform she introduced was the internal discipline of her own apartments. She set aside a room where, with the assistance of her maid only, she could make her toilet in comfort, by herself. She was delighted to find that this move on her part was highly approved by the king. That approval was all she sought. Another complaint was that the queen was not only plain in her attire, but economical. She made her morning visits in simple gowns and small hats. This circumstance gave great umbrage to the other princesses who never showed themselves, from the time they arose till they retired, except in full dress. This economy on the part of the queen exasperated

her slanderers. The most unaccountable of all the popular errors respecting Marie Antoinette is the charge of personal extravagance and prodigality so unjustly laid against her and spread with such industry, not only in France but throughout all Europe. It was only one link in the great chain which her enemies were weaving, which was to make her court responsible for the bad state of the public finances.

Not long after she became queen, Louis Sixteenth made his wife a present of Petit Trianon, a pretty château not for from Versailles. This little estate was never a palace or a castle. It was a charming country house, with pretty gardens, shady walks, tall trees, and a little artificial lake. Here, when she could no longer endure the weariness of her court, she gathered her family and her ladies about her and played that she was a simple peasant woman who had no royal cares. Dressed in muslin dresses, she strolled along the paths, feeding the chickens, and often joining in a game of blind man's buff. In one of the little buildings she had a dairy, and she and her ladies laughed with glee if the butter turned out a success. In another structure was the mill. King Louis played the miller and carried the sacks on his broad shoulder, like a tiller of the soil. Here the only happy days she knew in her adopted country were spent, and

here she was when the storm broke with such fearful violence over France.

Historians tell us of the fabulous sums expended upon this little estate. This, too, was a link in the chain forged by her enemies. The furniture in Petit Trianon was all old, taken from unused apartments of former queens in the palace of Versailles. The boudoir held the furnishings of Anne of Austria's chamber, and she, like Marie Antoinette, purchased such things out of her private purse. The latter's allowance as queen of France was three hundred thousand francs — sixty thousand dollars. The expense account of one of her chamberlains contains the following statement:

"The queen is liberal, generous, and very charitable. She pays all her bills promptly and regularly, the expenses of the household at Petit Trianon, her dresses, jewels, millinery, everything, in fact, except her court establishment, which is paid out of the civil list. She is the first queen in Europe, is obliged to keep up the most luxurious and refined court in Europe; yet not a franc of her personal expense comes from the public treasury. Everything is paid from her private allowance."

Three hundred thousand francs is an infinitely less sum than Louis Fourteenth lavished yearly upon Madame de Montespan, and less than half

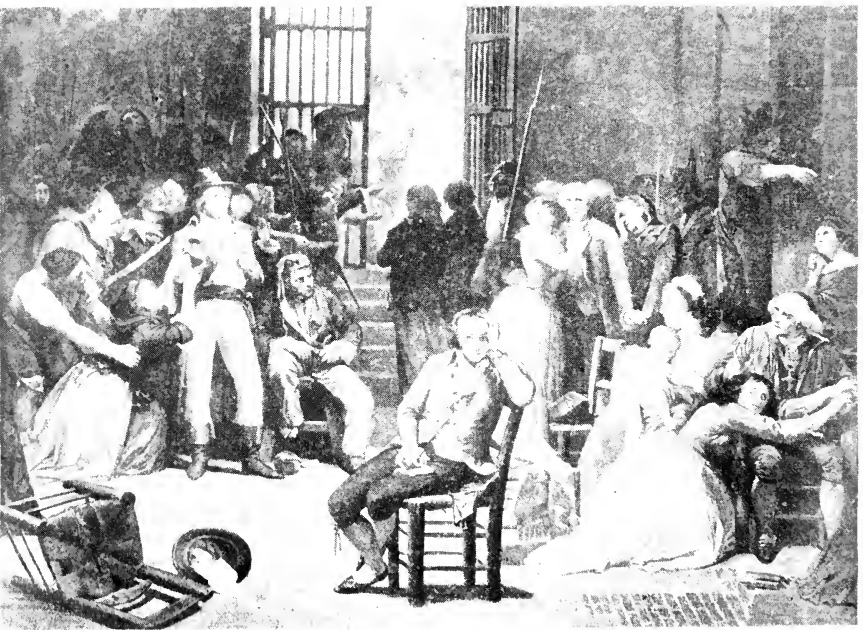
what Louis Fifteenth expended on either Pompadour or du Barri. Out of respect for the memory of his grandfather, and in order not to dishonor the dignity of the throne of France, Louis Sixteenth destroyed his private papers. But it may be seen clearly from the register, still in existence, that these two women amassed more property in diamonds and other valuables than did all the queens of France from the days of Catherine di Medicis to the days of Marie Antoinette. Alas that the young king could not foresee what a tower of strength these papers would have been to him when confronted with the accusers of his unfortunate wife in establishing an honorable contrast between his own and the former reigns!

The king's career exhibits no superfluous personal expenditure. Its economy was most rigid. No monarch was ever more scrupulous with the public money. The king himself had neither public nor private predilections, no dilapidated minister for a favorite, no courtesan mistress, no fondness for gambling; in fact, no vices of character.

Look forward for a moment to the record of those who followed after him. When the day of blood and vengeance — such vengeance as the human race, never before nor since, has taken upon itself, that so-called and well-named Reign of Terror — was ushered in, a Revolutionary Tribunal

was created, dominated by three terrible men— Marat, Danton, and Robespierre. These men began a sort of semi-legal massacre of all who dared oppose their wishes. The story of the three, in detail, is long. But a young girl named Charlotte Corday conceived it her duty to rid France of a monster, and plunged a knife into Marat's heart, meeting death at the guillotine therefor. Each of these men had a following of his own, and after the death of Marat a deadly rivalry began between the Dantonists (so named after their leader) and the followers of Robespierre. This last member of the trio, Maximilian de Robespierre, was a man of most inexplicable character. Carlyle calls him The Sea-green Monster.

Those who have seen Sir Henry Irving's artistic impersonation of this man will have him in mind exactly as he was. His figure was so slight as to be almost spectral in his younger days. He was angular and awkward in bearing. His mouth was large, his lips thin, his voice high-pitched and monotonous. At the age of twenty-seven he became a judge, and in his official capacity was obliged to condemn a convicted criminal to death. So great was his horror of the circumstance that he immediately resigned and became an advocate of the abolition of capital punishment. Nor can one suspect that this sensitiveness was in any



The last roll call during the Reign of Terror

measure affectation. Yet during those days when lawlessness, anarchy, and crime possessed Paris, a fearful reaction took place in this man's nature. His career henceforth was appalling. He became the most terrible butcher of the Revolution. He succeeded in getting the convention to pass a *Law of the Suspected*, and woe unto him against whom the finger of suspicion was pointed! The prisons were filled with men, women, and children, many of whom knew not why they were there. Every day they called the roll and led them forth to die. No age nor sex nor condition was spared, and the most beautiful city of the modern world became a horror too great to contemplate. Robespierre had the satisfaction of seeing his former friend and co-laborer, Danton, in the cart on the way to execution. A little later the Girondists came to their last night in prison, and on the morrow followed the same path. Robespierre, the once-powerful, began to lose ground, and foreseeing that his day was over, he became once more the coward and the craven. He shot but failed to kill himself in the hall of the Convention, and his judges, determined that he should have a taste of his own medicine, carried him limp and almost lifeless to the guillotine, where he was executed. But while these men lived the Revolutionary Tribunal was all-powerful. The Assembly was in the hands of the Tribunal.

Paris was in the hands of the Assembly. France was in the hands of Paris. Power was in the hands of Robespierre, Marat and Danton, and to resist them was to die. These men, before they had acquired sufficient influence to make themselves heard in the convention, had, by means of pamphlets, papers, and publications, written and printed in dark cellars or garrets, kept alive in the public mind the suspicion that the wife of the king was squandering the public money.

It is only by contrast that we see things in their true light. Here is the report of the ministerial expense during the short time that these sworn enemies of royalty held sway in France. This is the salary list:

The Minister of Justice	30 million francs
The Minister of Foreign Affairs	50 million francs
The Minister of Finance	200 million francs
The Minister of the Navy	600 million francs
The Minister of the Interior	900 million francs
The Minister of War	1,200 million francs

Nearly three thousand millions of francs for the support of the brutes who murdered their sovereign, one reason being that it pleased them to believe her extravagant!

No account of Marie Antoinette's life would be complete without the story of her friendship with the Princess Lamballe. She was still the wife of

the Dauphin when this friendship was formed which had such a tragic termination. The princess was the sister-in-law of the Duke of Orleans, who, though married to her husband's sister, sought by every means he could think of to get the princess into his power. When he found all his attempts unavailing, he wreaked his vengeance in a peculiar manner. He exerted his influence over her young husband to such an extent that he was completely under his sway. He led him into all sorts of debauchery, until at last he died in his early twenties, a mental, moral, and physical wreck, leaving the princess a widow at nineteen. Marie Antoinette, hearing of the duke's cruelty, sought her out, and when she became queen appointed her superintendent of the royal household.

The queen's friendship for the princess and the fact that she was given so high a position at court could not fail to add to the former's enemies. The Countess de Noailles (Madame Etiquette) instantly resigned, because under the new arrangement her orders from the queen must come through the princess. The Duke of Orleans was maddened by her appointment, seeing in the queen's favor a check to his future persecutions. In fact, it is said upon good authority that the interest which Her Majesty took in the Princess Lamballe planted the first seeds of that unrelenting and misguided hos-

tility which, in the deadliest times of the Revolution, animated the Orleanists against the throne.

When the princess had been in Her Majesty's service about a year, another event matured which gave one more opportunity for her enemies to attack her. This was the introduction at court of the Countess Polignac. Remembering the disfavor which her own appointment had occasioned, the princess distinctly foresaw the consequences when the queen formed a sudden attachment for the countess and showed her great partiality. The latter had all the qualifications of a royal favorite. She was unassuming, refined, good-natured, and free from haughtiness. The princess herself was far too beautiful and too noble of character to cherish envy or jealousy. Besides, she was related, not very distantly, to the king. She loved the queen, and although she saw that the attachment between Her Majesty and the Countess Polignac was pure and disinterested, she knew that a friendship between a queen and a subject would be considered almost from a criminal point of view. Moreover, the Polignacs were not in circumstances to afford the luxuries of court life, so in order to repair the deficiencies of their fortunes they represented to Her Majesty that unless resources were supplied her friend must leave the court. The queen, to secure the society of her favorite, supplied the funds

(out of her own allowance, it is true), but by this act she lost forever the affections of the old nobility. In gaining one friend she lost a host.

In vain did the princess endeavor to make her sovereign see and feel the danger. Had she read the Book of Fate she could not have foreseen more distinctly the results which actually took place from this unfortunate connection. Like many another woman, the queen only clung the more closely to attachments from which people desired to estrange her. The Countess Polignac was the governess of the royal children, and the interest which inspires a mother toward those who have charge of her children is the most natural thing in the world. The countess, although her salary was no more than that allotted to all former governesses, was tempted to make a display, which was injurious both to herself and the queen. Before long the blackest calumny against her began to appear in prints, caricatures, songs, and pamphlets of every description.

Then followed another episode, trifling in itself, but which proved disastrous in reality. Beaumarchais' opera, *The Marriage of Figaro*, was produced upon the stage of Paris. Information was brought the king that it was full of slanderous and indecorous allusions to the royal family, and he forbade its production unless these were eliminated. This he was assured had been done, but on

the opening night, which was attended by both king and queen, it was evident that instead of being omitted they had been added to and improved upon. King Louis was furious, but it was too late to remedy it then. The next day the papers were filled with the story, and this very event prepared all minds for the blow which the queen was about to receive from the infamous plot which concerned the diamond necklace.*

A number of people were concerned with the story of the diamond necklace. First of all came the Cardinal de Rohan. Such a character as this man was can exist only in a society which is on the

* When we cease to study history superficially and begin to dig down into the depths, we are surprised at the supply of absurdities which every historical period adds to those which have gone before. It is told that when the people of France were starving and Marie Antoinette was made aware of it by the collection of a motley crowd in the courtyard clamoring that they had no bread, she said:

"No bread? Why don't they eat cake, then?"

Like the story of the diamond necklace, this is entirely untrue. In Austria, where she was born, there is a little cake made by the peasants which is so cheap as to cost almost nothing. Even the poorest of the peasants, as a general thing, could manage to have the little cakes even when bread was out of the question. What the queen really said when she was told the reason for the clamor below, was said in kindness and pity: "No bread? Can they not have the cakes, then?" A distinction, truly—with a difference!

The same may be said of the episode of the diamond necklace. When the writer was studying the history of France in school she learned from the text-book that when the people of Paris were starving, the queen of France bought a diamond necklace composed of the finest stones which the world could produce, at a cost of a million six hundred thousand francs. Imagine her astonishment some years later to find the story absolutely false. The queen was the victim of a strange and, it would seem, improbable plot.

point of perishing. He was a thorough man of the world. He preferred drawing-rooms and boudoirs to churches and sacristies. He was the incarnation of all the elegances and all the vices of a crumbling society. His manner of life was regal. His gallantry was notorious. He was always at the theatre. His prodigality was excessive, and the conduct of his suite most scandalous. He was a huge volume of evil language which ill-suited his position as minister and priest. Marie Antoinette despised him, because, during her early days in France, he had joined in the plot of her enemies to have her sent back to Vienna. He even went further than that. He formed an intrigue by which, when she had been returned to her mother in disgrace, her next oldest sister should be brought to France and married to sixty-year-old Louis Fifteenth. Naturally, when all this reached the ears of the queen, the status of the Cardinal, so far as she was concerned, was determined for all time. He imagined that she only stood between him and the height of his ambition, which was to be appointed Prime Minister. In his vanity he wondered how he, so glorious and fascinating, the Cardinal Prince of Rohan, could fail to make the conquest of a woman! But the queen continued to maintain her icy attitude. She never addressed one word to the Grand Almoner of France. This he

lamented exceedingly, and while seeking with feverish anxiety some means to obtain the good graces of his sovereign, he met two people who could, he thought, be of great service to him. These two were first, Cagliostro, a fortune-teller, a charlatan and impostor who was just then all the rage in Paris, and second, the Countess de la Motte, who was, even more than Cagliostro, the Cardinal's evil genius.

Madame de la Motte was one of those unhappy natures which find satisfaction only in sinful occupation. Strange are the vicissitudes of destiny! The blood of Henry Second flowed in her veins, and the Valois, that race once proud and powerful, was represented now only by this little adventuress who, in spite of her illustrious origin, was very poor. True, the king allowed her an annual pension of ninety-six hundred francs, but a young, ambitious woman, fond of luxury and dress, could not live upon such a sum. She wished to make a fortune. Any way was good enough. She was married to a man as poor as herself and they lived in furnished lodgings in Paris. Often they were compelled to deposit their belongings with the wigmaker for protection. In 1784 she pledged her dresses at the pawn-brokers. But suddenly a great change came. All at once this woman had plenty of money. How did it happen?

Madame de la Motte had had an audience with the Cardinal Rohan and had besought him to transmit for her a petition to the king. The Cardinal thought his petitioner very pretty and at once became interested in her welfare. He was surprised when he learned in what want the court had left the poor little descendant of Henry Second—whose strongest arguments were a trim figure and a pair of fine blue eyes. When the bold adventuress saw the Cardinal's fascination she saw also that she had found a victim. Her plans were soon laid. She learned with exultation that he would be willing to pay almost any sum to the one who would bring about a reconciliation with the queen. She at once devised the means of ruining him.

Suddenly she pretended that her lot had changed—that fortune was smiling upon her. She gave him to understand that she had had an audience with the queen, that Her Majesty had heaped benefits upon her, had, in fact, made her a *confidante*, and had written her letters full of the most amiable feeling. She showed these letters, written by a clever scoundrel whom she had engaged for a secretary. She convinced the Cardinal that she often spoke of him and that the queen had commissioned her to ask him to send her his apology in writing. This document the Cardinal placed in Madame's hands and was told by her later that the

queen had accepted it, had begged him to have discretion and patience — that before long she would announce the high position to which she intended to call him.

In order to carry out the plan to the letter Madame must have paper bearing the royal crest. This she managed to obtain and then, with the assistance of her secretary, she forged a series of letters from the queen to the Cardinal, to which he replied, placing his answers in Madame's hands. Meanwhile he was acting as banker. He had given her nearly a hundred thousand francs for the inestimable favor which apparently she had procured for him. The fraud seemed everywhere triumphant, yet Madame grew restless and uneasy. Blind as he was, might not the Cardinal discover that all was not as it should be? Was he not likely to notice the contrast between the friendly tone of the letters and the attitude of contempt which the queen maintained in public toward the man who imagined himself in her favor? It was necessary to guard against such a contingency, but how?

Then followed the most diabolical part of the whole plot. One day when Madame's secretary was wandering through the park he saw a woman whose resemblance to the queen was most striking. He followed her to her lodgings and found that she was a young, unmarried woman who lived in

the neighborhood. He called upon her and told her that a lady by whom he was employed (in fact a lady of the court) would come to see her the next day on a matter of great importance. The next day Madame went, and had, of course, no difficulty in cajoling the poor girl. She showed her the forged letters from the queen to prove that she was really in Her Majesty's confidence. She told her that the queen had asked her to find someone to do something for her which she would explain later. Now, Marie Antoinette's love of fun and practical jokes was a well-known fact, and the girl, who was convinced that this little scene was desired by the queen for her own amusement, had no other thought than to play her part to the best of her ability. Her instructions were as follows:

She was to put on a white dress trimmed with red (which would be furnished her) and accompany Madame to the park at twilight. There a great nobleman would come up to her. She should hand him a letter (also furnished her) and a rose, saying only, "You know what this means!"

The Cardinal, believing that the queen was about to grant the promised interview, was there. He bowed low over the hand of his supposed sovereign and was about to speak when Madame appeared as if in great alarm and said, "Come quick! Quick!! The king!" They fled in one direction and the

Cardinal in another, the latter believing that she who had for so long held him at bay had melted at lest and in token of her forgiveness had given him a rose. The plot had succeeded beyond the adventuress' fairest hopes.

Then followed the episode of the diamond necklace. For a long time the true story of this affair was shrouded in obscurity and was the subject of many commentaries and discussions. Now, however, one can easily get at all the evidence in the case — all the documents concerning the people accused: the judges, the public, the investigation, the trial, and the verdict.

The origin of the diamond necklace has already been told. Old Louis Fifteenth, when he thought he would supplant his grandson in the affections of Marie Antoinette, gave orders for the necklace to be made of the finest stones that were to be had. So the crown jewelers began to collect the diamonds. Before a third of them were collected, however, the plan of the king had failed to work. Then he thought he would give them to du Barri, but he died, and the jewelers were left with the diamonds on their hands. After the accession of Louis Sixteenth they brought the necklace to him and urged him to purchase it for the queen. He sent for her, and although she thought it very handsome, she was most averse to having such a sum

spent upon her and said that the money could be better expended in some manner useful to the government or to enlarge the park at Versailles. The jeweler obtained an audience with the queen and assured her that he was ruined if he could not dispose of the diamonds, but she told him firmly that the king had offered to buy them for her and she had refused. She told him to take the necklace apart and sell the single stones, adding, "You can easily dispose of it in this manner, so don't go drown yourself." Imagine her astonishment, then, a few weeks later, to receive a letter from the jeweler saying that he took profound satisfaction in the thought that the most sumptuous array of diamonds in the world was, after all, to belong to the best and most beautiful of queens.

Unable to understand this, she sent the Princess Lamballe to the jeweler, who was thunderstruck to learn that she came to deny that the queen had ordered the diamonds. His story filled the princess with horror, for she saw at a glance the snare which had been set for the queen. The crown jeweler was not mad. Like the Cardinal, he was the victim of a bold and infamous intrigue. How did it all happen?

Madame de la Motte, always on the lookout for new frauds, saw how the matter might be made the occasion of an unprecedented swindle, and her fer-

tile imagination turned toward carrying it out. She told the jeweler that the queen desired to purchase the necklace which she had long wanted, but being averse to treating directly with the firm, she had entrusted the affair to a certain nobleman in her confidence. Then, by means of a steady stream of forged letters, she had succeeded in persuading the Cardinal that the queen wished to get possession of the necklace without the king's knowledge and pay for it in installments from her private purse — that she gave this proof of her friendliness to himself by allowing him to arrange the affair for her. He went to the jeweler's and the contract containing the conditions of the sale was placed in his hands for the queen's signature. A few days later it was back in the jeweler's possession and written across the face of it were the words: "Approved. Marie Antoinette de France"— forged, of course. The next day the Cardinal went to Madame's lodgings accompanied by a servant who carried the necklace in its case. She told him that the queen had sent a special messenger for it. The Cardinal saw Madame give the case to the queen's supposed messenger, and the great fraud was accomplished.

From this day forth, until her discovery, Madame lived in luxury. The golden stream never ran dry. The necklace was taken apart. She kept for herself the small stones which could not be identified,

but English jewelers bought the large ones and when the investigation was opened sent the papers to Louis Sixteenth to prove it. All the time, the queen had been in ignorance of the whole affair, but at last had to be told. Her indignation was indescribable and she declared that all these hideous vices should be unmasked. So, a day or so later, as the Cardinal was on his way to say mass in the chapel at Versailles, he was arrested. Triumphantly he produced the letter giving him authority to buy the jewels. But the king only glanced at it and said:

"You can not be so ignorant, Prince, as not to know that the queens of France sign only the baptismal name. Did not this signature, *Marie Antoinette de France,* prove to you that the queen did not write that letter?"

Then, seeing the Cardinal's astonishment and his distress, the king told him that he desired not his conviction but his justification, whereupon the whole story came out.

The prelate was locked up in the Bastile, for Louis Sixteenth, moved by his wife's tears and injuries, determined to punish him if he were really guilty, and that remained to be seen. All the other parties to the fraud found themselves likewise in the Bastile, and the investigation was begun. The hearing lasted for nine months and in those nine

months many things happened. Each party had its friends and sympathizers. The queen's innocence in the matter was undisputed, but so many elements centered in the trial that the result was only what was to be expected. Louis Sixteenth held that when a dignitary like the Cardinal became entangled in an affair so scandalous he ought to be punished like a common felon. The Holy Father objected to having one of his Cardinals punished as an ordinary criminal. In addition to all this, the never-quiet enemies of the queen were secretly at work. The revolutionary feeling was growing stronger every day. There was want and hunger in Paris, and the people were urged to believe that their queen had been guilty of this great extravagance while they could not buy bread.

The verdict was rendered late at night. The Cardinal was acquitted by a majority of three. The judgment declared that the words "Approved. Marie Antoinette de France" were forged. There was not in the whole verdict a single word condemning the Cardinal or any mention of his relations with Madame de la Motte. The latter, however, was condemned to be beaten, naked, with a rope around her neck — to be branded with the letter V on both shoulders by the public executioner, and then taken to the House of Correction to be imprisoned for the rest of her life.

When the verdict was announced, the crowd broke forth in uproarious applause. The Cardinal received the most enthusiastic ovations on his return to his house. But a few hours later there came from Louis Sixteenth the command to send back the ribbon of the Order of the Holy Ghost, to hand in his resignation as Grand Almoner of France, and to betake himself to his Abbey of Chaise-Dieu in Auvergne. Sensible and reasonable people appreciated the king's position, but, alas, such people were rare in Paris in 1786.

Visitors to the portrait gallery in the palace of Versailles always stop long before one picture which has an unusual interest and charm and beauty. It is a painting of Marie Antoinette surrounded by her children, made by Madame Vigée Lebrun. The expression on the queen's face is gentle, full of dignity, but dreamy and melancholy. To her right a little maid of eight leans against her mother's shoulder. On her knees is a two-year-old — Louis Charles, the little Duke of Normandy. To the left is an empty cradle, the covering of which is upheld by a child of five or six who wears the blue ribbon and insignia of the Order of the Holy Ghost. It is the Dauphin. Even the children's faces are thoughtful except the baby, who is at the age still when mental suffering is not known. Life has not yet become all sorrow for the queen. All the slan-

ders and evil tongues had not been able to disturb the harmony which existed between Louis Sixteenth and his wife. They had had peace within, in spite of the storms without, but at the time this picture was painted, their youngest child, the little Princess Sophia Beatrix, had just died, and the queen's heart was full of that exquisite anguish which none but a mother can feel when her children are no more. When the painting was finished it was placed in the hall of one of the grand apartments through which the queen passed daily on her way to mass. But there came a day when she could not endure to look at it, and the king, seeing that it affected her so sadly, had it removed. To this act we owe the preservation of the picture. Had it been left there the fish-women and ruffians who attempted to assassinate the queen and destroy the palace would undoubtedly have ruined it.

One evening not long before this picture was made, the queen sat in her boudoir with her friend, the Princess Lamballe. Four candles were burning on the dressing-table. One went out. The princess re-lighted it. The second went out, then the third. The queen sprang to her feet and said, "Misfortune has made me superstitious. If the other candle goes out it is certainly an evil omen!" Then the fourth candle went out. No doubt a draught was responsible for the going out of the candles, but

Marie Antoinette and her children

in reality the most terrible blow which had yet befallen her was at this moment hanging over the queen's head. She was about to lose her oldest son, the Dauphin, whose birth seven years before had filled all France with rejoicing. The little lad, while apparently in flourishing health, was attacked suddenly by the rickets, which curved his spine, hollowed his pretty face, and made his limbs so weak that he could not walk. He became so reduced that his appearance made a painful impression and his mother was unwilling that anyone should see him. She knew that the heir to the throne was doomed, and beneath her crown she felt the iron nails that pierced her brow. The little prince died in the night in her arms, and this cruel addition to her sorrows broke the queen's heart. Her beautiful hair turned snow white, although she was but thirty-four years old.

By the death of the oldest son the little Duke of Normandy became the Dauphin. This child, the future Louis Seventeenth, destined to so tragic an end, was thought at his birth to have been born under a lucky star. He was born on Easter Sunday. He was but four years old and a remarkably handsome child. Could the queen have looked into the future and seen the brutal face of Simon, the cobbler, rise like a spectre and walk always beside this little one — could she have lifted the curtain

but for a moment and seen her only daughter, the little Duchess of Angouleme, left to face life solitary and alone after she and the good King Louis were no more, then, doubtless, she would gladly have robed them both for the tomb with her own hands and thanked God that the privilege was hers.

Historians, almost with one accord, accuse Louis Sixteenth of weakness. Perhaps his abilities were not so splendid as those of some, but that characteristic which has come down to us in history as weakness was in reality only an earnest desire to keep the peace. The spirit of the queen was roused to the highest pitch at the indignities and insults heaped upon him, and after the manner of wives she urged her husband not to submit to them. But that gentle dignity and courtesy which made the king beloved of all who knew him, prevailed over his desire to retaliate when he knew that retaliation meant strife and struggle and hoped that forbearance might perhaps bring peace.

It was too late to bring peace to France. It was too late when Louis Sixteenth was born to bring peace to France. The cauldron had seethed for too many centuries for any amount of forbearance to bring peace to France. The king summoned the States-General Assembly for the purpose of ascertaining the desires of the people and seeing what could be done to grant them, but when he did so,

he signed his own death warrant and that of his family and friends. With the assembling of that convention the representatives learned their power, and when subjects no longer fear their king the days of his rule are done.

Like the sudden stillness which precedes a summer storm, before the thunder begins to rumble and the lightning to flash, there came a lull in the turmoil in France. There was a brilliant social period in which enthusiastic people grouped themselves together and everybody who could read became a politician. Each imagined that he or she (for the politicians were not confined to the men) had solved the problem of the deficit in the treasury, but like the astronomer in the fable, while they gazed at the stars they fell into the well. The king was deceived by the quiet before the tempest, but is it strange that a king is no wiser than his generation? His mistakes were only those of his time. It would have required, and did require, a mighty military genius to quell the insubordination which was rife in France.

Soon it became evident that a great crisis was impending. Some one bestowed upon the queen the title of *Madame Deficit*, and the unreasonable anger against her broke out anew. She perceived that she was betrayed on all sides. In justice to her it must be said that she understood fully that the sum-

moning of the States-General would be fatal to royalty. On the day that she learned that the king had decided to convoke them she said to her friend, the Princess Lamballe, "Louis has permitted the States-General to be summoned." And after a moment's pause she added, "This important event is a gloomy token for France!"

She was right. From the opening of the Assembly they set up in opposition to the king what they were pleased to call the *Nation*, but the real French Nation was at heart with the king whom they loved and honored — whose loyalty and kindness and virtues they respected and esteemed. But there were a few ambitious spirits (as there are in every such convention) who were determined to impress upon the Assembly and the people at large that a handful of revolutionists was the French Nation.

It did not take the queen long to perceive the singular malevolence displayed toward the royal family which the deputies had brought from their provinces. Affable and charming, she endeavored to bring them back to kindlier feeling, but nothing can correct or improve men of bad faith. She heard with the utmost amazement their strange questions about the king's alleged intemperance and the Asiatic luxury of Petit Trianon. The simplicity of this country house did not correspond with

the idea some of them had formed of it, so they declared that when they visited it the most sumptuously furnished rooms were closed to them. They insisted on being shown an imaginary drawing-room which they said had twisted columns decorated with diamonds, rubies, and sapphires.

Marie Antoinette did her best to be civil to these malicious men. She did the honors of Versailles with exquisite grace and kindness, talked with them about their families and their local interests, but a secret instinct told her it was all useless. She fell back into her customary anxiety. She felt crushed, overwhelmed. She saw the king's indecision in these stormy times with alarm. Her position became most painful. It was becoming dangerous for the royal family and friends to remain in France. The king ordered them all to leave. In vain did his brother, the Comte d'Artois, who was courage personified, beg to stay by the king's side and share his fate. The latter would not permit it. So the three sons of France and the four princes of the blood, filled with many forebodings, took leave of the king whom they were never more to see. The queen sent also for the Countess Polignac, the Princess Lamballe, and Madame Campan, and gave them the same orders. They, too, protested. Their departure seemed to them dishonorable desertion, but by midnight all were on the way to the frontier. Only

one remained. This was Madame Elizabeth, the king's sister. There are few figures in history so sympathetic. She had known sorrow from her cradle, had lost both parents in infancy. Her brother, Louis Sixteenth, she fondly loved, and every pang he bore was hers also. She refused all offers of marriage, telling him that she would rather stand at the foot of his throne than to mount to the top of any other in Christendom. She met her fate with the king and queen, her only crime being that she was the king's sister.

A few years before, when the monarchy was at its height, one of the brightest lights at the court of Marie Antoinette was the young Marquis de la Fayette.* The queen had made him her debtor by many kindnesses, but the main-spring of his nature was an unbounded love of fame. Although he had been honored, and although his birth should have attached him to the monarchy and made him the most faithful of the king's servants, he forsook his sovereigns and took part in forging the chain of events calculated to weaken the throne which it was his first duty to defend. He liked to try his

* We look back with grateful remembrance upon the service which this man rendered us in our War of Independence, but no military career, however brilliant, can disguise the fact that although he lent his assistance to us in our distress he abandoned his queen to hers. The one man in France who might have saved this queen-mother from the terrors of the guillotine was this seeker after fame in foreign lands—the Marquis de la Fayette.

power — to formulate a riot one day and quell it the next. But there came a day when he was no longer able to stem the tide and it bore him down the stream.

Fear of personal danger was not one of King Louis' weaknesses. In proof of this he left Versailles and entered Paris alone, with a courage equaled only by his honesty of purpose. But affairs had reached such a pitch in France that naught but a miracle could have resisted the wave which threatened to inundate the land. Finally there came that terrible sixth of October — the half-drunken women running about the streets crying that there was no bread, a crowd of idlers, beggars, and thieves, singing and shouting jests and threats of violence and vengeance. At last they took up the cry, "On to Versailles!" and the march was begun.

When they arrived a guard asked the king if he had any orders for repelling the attack. "What!" said the good-natured king, "fight women? Surely you are jesting!" Toward night a storm of rain fell and dispersed the rioters and the royal family retired. Everything was at rest — except crime. There was no sleep for the furies who had sworn that the queen should die. At five o'clock in the morning the rabble broke into the palace. They killed the first guard who called to the second, who passed the alarm along. The last

one broke open the door to the queen's room and cried, "Save the queen, save the queen — they have come to kill her! We will die — but save the queen!"

The queen's ladies hurried her to the other end of the room where there was a secret stairway leading to the apartments of the king. He, filled with anxiety for her, had taken the other passage and reached her room after she had left it. He returned immediately to find her safe in his own apartments with the royal children, and the National Guard then entered the palace and restored order for that night. But on the next day, the king and queen were driven to Paris, and the heads of the faithful guards who had died for them were carried before them on pikes. The rabble jeered and shouted that there would be no more hunger in Paris! They were bringing the Baker and the Baker's Wife and the Baker's Little Boy!

Thus did Louis Sixteenth and his queen depart from Versailles. They were vanquished. Nevermore would the Revolution allow them to return. Well they knew that they had taken their last look at that magnificent palace. The shaded walks, the fountains, the beautiful galleries, the little chapel where the royal family of France had prayed for peace, the park, the statues, the mighty trees — all would soon become a memory. Upon

this funeral procession of royalty a gorgeous sunset shone as if in mockery. The autumn glowed with its last splendor. The birds still sang in the woods, but authority, discipline, honor — everything that makes for a nation's power and glory had been insulted in the person of the king and queen. What a large volume of the history of France is written in the palace of Versailles! There the dead have voices and the stones a language. They whisper of the bitter emptiness of glory, the torments of ambition, the disappointments of vanity, the hollowness of greatness. Where are the thrones, the crowns, the ashes, even, of those who reigned within its walls?

When the king and queen reached Paris they were lodged in the Tuileries.* It was not without sadness that they entered. How sombre it seemed in comparison to the beauty of Versailles! This edifice, which events had stamped with a character of profound sadness, was gloomy and out of repair. Its tapestries were faded, its arches damaged by the weather, yet even in its dilapidated condition it told a story of things once beautiful and brilliant. Now they were mouldy with decay. The presence of the king, however, quelled the storm. It grew quiet. The Princess Lamballe rejoined the queen, who

* This historic pile is now no more. What the revolutionists spared in 1789 the communists in 1871 had no mercy for. Only a few years ago the last of its débris was removed.

remained in her own apartments supervising the education of her children. One of her suite said to her one day:

"Your Majesty is a prisoner."

"What are you saying to me?" she cried.

"It is true, Your Majesty. From the moment you ceased to have a guard of honor, you became a prisoner. You take precaution now to see that no one is listening at the door. Would you have done that with your guards?"

The queen burst into tears. It was true. She knew it. The royal family were prisoners. Those who loved the queen, even the king himself, urged her to take her children and flee in disguise while yet there was time. Scornfully and with indignation she refused. She declared her intention of remaining at her post of duty and danger and of dying at the king's feet.

One day, hearing threatening cries in the street, she stepped out on a balcony holding her children by the hand. The picture of her as she stood thus, should have disarmed the most ferocious hatred. But the Revolution was without pity. Neither motherhood nor childhood could affect it. The very next day the Assembly deprived the king of his power of pardoning, and this completed his humiliation. "They have taken away my liberty," he said. "Now they forbid me to be merciful."

Finally, at the earnest counsel of his friends, the king himself determined on flight. But how? How could he quit the palace and the city without being recognized? Six hundred guards were on duty at the Tuileries — two mounted sentries posted always before the outer doors. Sentinels everywhere, inside and out. In addition to the guards, there were the servants, still more dangerous. Almost every one was a spy. Escape seemed impossible. But captives are ingenious. The queen discovered an unused door in her apartments hidden by a large piece of furniture. Here was a means of leaving the palace at least. Painfully they completed their preparations. The Baroness de Korff, a noble Russian lady, was about to depart from France with her two children, and had applied to the Minister of Foreign Affairs for passports. Learning this, the queen sent a trusted messenger to her who explained the terrible straits of the royal family. The Baroness gave him her passports for use in escape and thus destroyed her chance of returning to her own country.

The twentieth of June was the day set for the departure and the flight was to take place at midnight. What a day of anxiety it was! The servants whispered to each other. La Fayette took up his abode in the palace and doubled the guards in all directions. The queen was in despair, but

the king knew that if they could only keep them from suspecting anything they could get away. At last the day passed. Evening came. The king and queen received the usual visitors. The ordinary order of the day had been scrupulously observed. Orders were given the servants for the next day. The doors were closed and locked. Everybody went to bed. A few moments later, however, the royal family was up again. The large number of people employed at the palace who went home at night made escape a little less difficult. They did not all leave at once. The children with their governess went first. A few moments later, the king and queen followed, then Madame Elizabeth, the king's sister. The Dauphin was dressed as a little girl. The king arrayed himself as the steward of the Baroness de Korff. The queen wore a plain, brown dress and a small hat with a veil. They took separate paths to the spot where the carriage was to meet them. The queen lost her way in that vast space which separated the Tuileries from the Louvre and while seeking the path was passed by La Fayette and the guards on the round of inspection. At last she found her way to the carriage where all waited in great anxiety. "Drive fast!" was the order, and the journey which was to end so disastrously began well.

When they reached the rendezvous where the

troops were to meet them, however, they met a painful surprise. They were not there. The son of the station master, young Drouet, recognized the king, followed the carriage on horseback, and denounced him. When the party reached Varennes someone cried "Halt! Show your passport!" The latter proved all right, but the rumor had gotten about that the carriage contained the king. He was detained. The whole town surrounded the little party. They were taken to the city hall. Louis did not admit that he was the king, but finally, when she could endure it no longer, the queen cried out, "Very well, then. If he is the king, respect him!" Then they were definitely arrested and the journey was begun back to Paris —that city of affliction, of supreme humiliation.

That journey back to Paris! On the road to anguish and humiliation, this once-splendid queen, shut up with her family in a close carriage which moved slowly, like a hearse, calumniated, threatened, insulted, dressed in the modest gown of a governess, her eyes wet with tears, her hair turned white from grief, thought, as always, of the others first. As they passed along, the rabble climbed upon the carriage steps and hurled vile epithets in her face. She said with gentle dignity:

"For pity's sake, friends, give us air. My little children are choking!"

"Bah!" replied one of the furies, "we will soon choke you in another fashion!"

The journey came to an end at last. They entered Paris and the Tuileries. There was something deadly in the very air. They heard threatening voices from every tree and stone. Catherine di Medicis was right when she declared that the Tuileries was a residence foreordained to calamities. Once more the heir to Saint Louis was in his prison. He was no longer a king. He was a hostage. One day he closed his door. The guard reopened it. Angered, the king said, "Do you recognize me, sir?"

"Yes, Sire," replied the guard. The king again closed the door. The guard instantly reopened it, and said:

"If Your Majesty closes the door, Your Majesty will give yourself a useless trouble, for I shall open it each time."

Then the press became insane. It dipped its pen in filth and vitriol before the time came to dip it in blood. Its language was that of the fish-market, the cross-roads, and the kennels. Nothing pleased unless it was clothed in obscene speech, mean and cruel jests. Finally the rabble invaded the Tuileries. After four hours at the Assembly, hours of peril and sorrow during which the king had even put on the red bonnet of the Revolution in his

endeavor to keep the peace, he returned to the palace, not knowing what had become of his wife and children. Below in the streets he heard the cries of the bloodthirsty crowd. They were shouting:

"Where is the Austrian woman? Throw us down her head!"

In the hour of all this calamity, a slender, pale young man stood looking down from an upper terrace upon this unruly horde. He comprehended in some manner the long suffering of King Louis. His eyes flashed and he said to a companion in indignation:

"How dared they ever let that rabble get so near the king! I should have turned the cannon on them and swept four or five hundred of them away. You would soon have seen the rest run!"

This man, obscure and hidden in the crowd, poor and unknown, standing opposite that palace where later he was to play so great a part — who was he? Napoleon Bonaparte, the Corsican.

On the tenth of August came the demand for the royal family to appear before the Assembly. Ostensibly it was for the purpose of protecting them. In reality it was but to blaze a pathway to the scaffold. The queen was averse to going, but was unwilling to forsake the king. When she looked into those sinister faces, stamped with bitter

hatred toward herself and hers, did she remember her august mother, Maria Theresa, when she appeared before the Diet of Presburg with the infant Joseph in her arms and was greeted with the ringing cheers and wild enthusiasm of the nobles, who cried: *Moriamur pro rege nostro?* Yes, she did, and the comparison was bitter. In their absence the frenzied populace broke into the palace and fell upon the guards. They set fire to the former and murdered the latter. The Swiss Guards* fought desperately in behalf of the king, but were overwhelmed and killed.

From the Assembly to the Temple, thence to the Conciergerie and the scaffold—it were not long to tell the story to the end. First came the order which deprived the king of his sword. Next, that which stripped him of all his orders and decorations of knighthood. At last it was determined to bring him to trial.

The king knew that his crown was lost, but its loss was less to him than was the silent suffering of his wife and the fate which he had no reason to

* The Swiss Republic has honored the memory of these sons of hers who fell at their post. In the side of a rock at the entrance of Lucerne a grotto has been hollowed out, and Thorwaldsen, the Danish sculptor, has carved in it a colossal stone lion. Struck by a lance, the lion has lain down to die, but he still holds tight within his paws the royal escutcheon on a shield adorned with fleur-de-lis. Underneath are engraved the names of the officers and soldiers who died August tenth, and the simple inscription reads:

TO THE FIDELITY AND COURAGE OF THE SWISS

doubt would be hers. During those last few days together he lavished on her all the tenderness of which his gentle nature was capable, and sought to spare her all he could. One day, attracted to the window by ferocious cries below, he saw a sight which maddened him. He ran from the apartments which he had been forbidden to leave, knocked down the guard who would have stopped him, threw his weight against the door of the queen's room and broke it open. She looked up in surprise. He saw that she had not seen, and gathering her in his arms, he carried her to his own apartment, begging her not to look down into the street. It was all in vain. The fiends were not to be thwarted. They entered the Temple and filled the corridors with their cries. At last they found her with the king. He put his hands over her eyes, but it was too late. She had already seen that the leader carried a pike, and on it, her glorious hair, four feet in length, falling around it, Marie Antoinette saw the head of her beloved friend, the Princess Lamballe. She fell into such violent convulsions that they thought she would die, and the leader roughly ordered them all to disperse, saying:

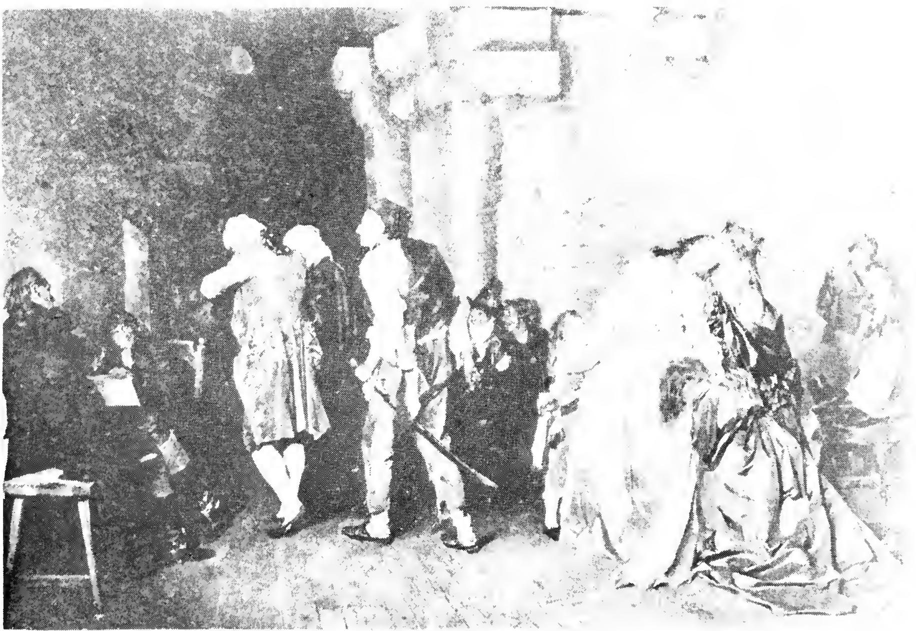
"We don't want her to die a *natural* death!"

A few days before, the princess had been called before the Tribunal as hundreds of others had been. In accordance with their methods they had asked

her a few perfunctory questions, and then said, "*Libré!*" (free). She turned to go, but instead of taking her back by the same door through which she had come, they threw open another and led her out into a courtyard filled with headless, mutilated, putrefying bodies. The princess fainted, and as she fell the guard struck her a blow in the back of the head with a halberd, rendering her unconscious. Then, with inconceivable brutality, they cut off her head and dragged her nude body through the streets of Paris till not a vestige of it remained. Her father, the Duc de Penthièvre, offered a million francs to anyone who would return the body to him, proving it was hers, but no trace of it was ever found.

Previous to this episode the king and queen had been allowed to see each other at certain hours of the day. Now they were separated entirely, and another example of the king's fortitude and unselfishness was made manifest. Lest his innocent children should prove messengers between them, they were ordered to remain with either the one or the other. Knowing how their mother would suffer, sorely as he longed for the comfort of their presence himself, the king told the guard to take them to her and accepted the decree of the Council in all its pitiless cruelty.

Then came the end for him — the mockery of the



Louis Sixteenth taking leave of his family

trial of a king before a Tribunal composed of carpenters, tailors, loafers, idlers, the scum of all Paris. Then the sentence. The queen was kept in ignorance, although she had no doubt what the result would be. The king was roused from his bed to hear it and was told that it was to be carried out the next day.

The only mercy shown them was permission to say good-by alone. The guards closed the glass doors, through which they could see but could not hear. The king was calm, but the queen's mute suffering broke his heart. She clung to him in speechless agony, asking only that she might see him again the next morning. He promised her it should be so, but after she was gone he determined for both their sakes not to see her again. So in the morning while she waited, cries in the street told her that all was over. She sent for the guard who had stood in front of the king's door, and although he knew he was disobeying orders and what the result might be, he was so moved by her distress that he gave her the message the king had begged him to convey.

"Tell my wife," he said, "how hard it was not to see her again. Give her these, if you find it possible, and bear to her my last farewell."

He dared not, at that time, give her the little package which the king had entrusted to him, but

a few days later managed to do so. It contained a lock of her hair which the king had carried in his watch, his seal for his son, and the ring which the little Archduchess of Austria had given the Dauphin of France on the day of their wedding, nearly twenty years before.

Louis Sixteenth died like a Christian king. They advanced to bind his hands and he started back in astonishment. But the old priest who accompanied him said:

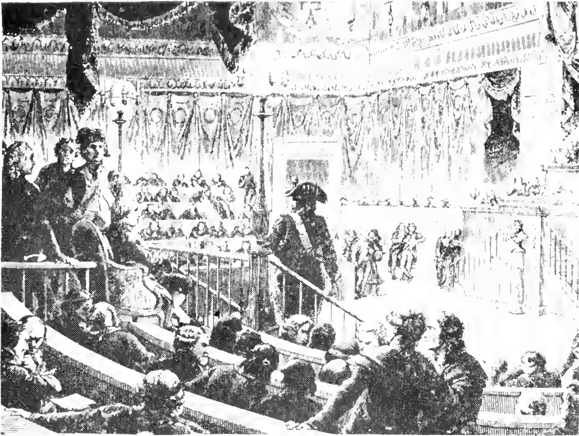
"Sire, this is the last indignity. Remember that the Saviour submitted to be bound."

It was in the king's heart to ask that howling mob to be content with his death—to let him pay all and spare his wife and children. But when he tried to speak, the officer in charge ordered the guard to beat the drum that his voice might not be heard. Only one man had the courage to speak. This was the gray, old priest. In the silence which fell as the ax descended, he cried aloud:

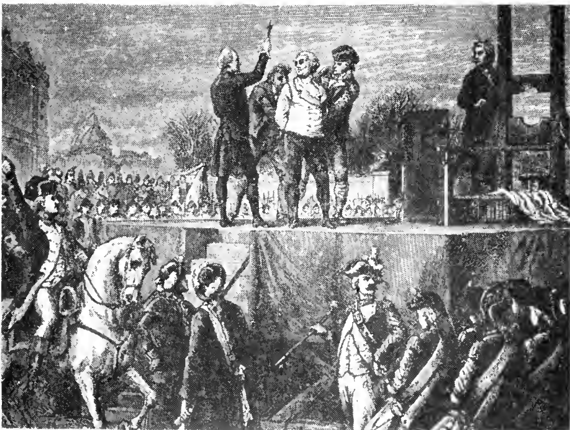
"Ascend to heaven, son of Saint Louis!"

The furies in the shape of women who sat, day after day, at the foot of the guillotine with their knitting in order to see the heads fall, the fiends who had hastened the king's execution in fear that the nation at large would make an attempt to rescue him, for the moment were awed into silence.

While the king lived there had been a feeling



Louis Sixteenth before the bar of the convention



Louis Sixteenth on the scaffold

that the queen had a protector. Moreover, her brother, the Emperor of Austria, had stood behind her. Now both were dead, and the page which ends this sad, eventful history was about to be turned. One night, she and the Princess Elizabeth sat mending their clothing by the light of a candle. The door was thrown rudely open, and six burly men entered, saying that they had come for the Dauphin who was to be placed under the care of a tutor. Marat had recommended Simon, the cobbler, whose savageness of disposition was well known, and at this unexpected calamity the queen's fortitude gave way. On her knees she begged them not to take away her child, but the ruffians were not likely to feel or to show pity. They abused and threatened her. She begged them to kill her and be satisfied. They replied that they would kill the boy before her eyes if she made further resistance. At this awful alternative she woke the lad and dressed him and spoke to him the last words he was to hear from his mother's lips. Unconsciousness came mercifully to her relief. She heard not the insults nor the cruel laughter as they bore away the boy, and if it were not mockery to speak the word, one might say that she was blest in that she knew not Simon's instructions concerning him. He was *to get rid of him*, and he carried out the instructions to the letter. He practiced upon him the

most revolting and unremitting cruelties. He reviled and beat him. He taught and made him sing songs which contained the most grossly vulgar allusions to his father and mother. He made him drink brandy till he was thoroughly drunk. He dressed him in revolutionary clothes and always contrived that his mother should catch a glimpse of him in this guise. He taught him everything that was impious and loathsome and ruined him body and mind. He was not taken so far away from his mother that she could not hear his childish voice, and on that morning when she was removed from the Temple to the last stopping-place on her journey, the Conciergerie, she exclaimed from a full heart, "Thank God, I can no longer hear him sing!"

For six weeks she remained in this prison, not from any feeling of compunction or pity, but because of the absolute impossibility of inventing an accusation against her which was not so absurd and groundless as to die a natural death if presented. But eagerness for her execution overcame all scruples. She was brought to trial. They accused her of trying to overthrow the republic and reëstablish the throne, of having exerted her influence over her husband in such a manner as to make him unjust to the people, and in the peroration the prosecutor likened her to all the wickedest

Marie Antoinette taking leave of the Dauphin

women of whom history, ancient or modern, has preserved any record.

Had she been guided by her own feelings she would have scorned to make answer. But the mother was strong in her, and while she lived she would not renounce the hope of seeing her children again, and perhaps some unforeseen chance might yet restore her to freedom and her son to the throne of France. So she resolved to stand trial and to make one last desperate effort to establish her right to acquittal and deliverance.

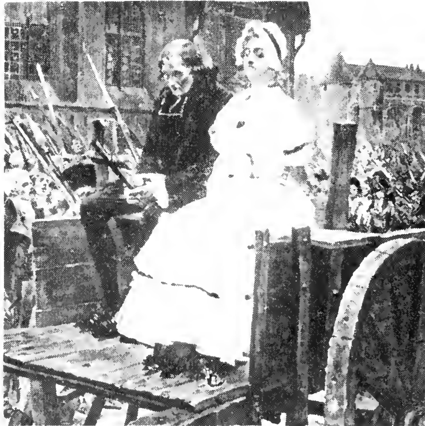
As was the case with the king, the jury was picked from the dregs of the people. There were blacksmiths, policemen, men of no calling. They called for the *Widow Capet*. The prosecutor called witness after witness. To his surprise, all testified in her favor. Then her little son was brought in. Not until she learned that he had already been interrogated and that when his answers did not suit them he had been made to drink brandy and sign papers accusing his mother did her equanimity give way. Before such a court it mattered little what was proved or disproved. After midnight, on the second day, the verdict was rendered. The sentence was death and it was to be carried out without delay. She heard it with no perceptible change of countenance and without betraying the slightest emotion.

That last grim night in prison! No sleep came to her relief. She lay on her cot with wide-open eyes, awaiting the breaking of the morn.* At seven o'clock she was ready. The streets were already thronged with people. She shuddered when she saw the cart before the door. The king had been permitted to depart in a carriage. Not so she. The criminal's cart, the seat a bare plank, was hers. Every now and then they halted the procession that the crowd might gaze at her. She saw and heard not. She said the prayers for the dying as the cart rattled over the stony streets. Finally she stood on the scaffold, and in that last hour the House of Austria had no cause to be ashamed of her daughter.

Whatever of frivolity there had been in Marie Antoinette's girlhood, it had long since given way to that heroism which the scourge of sorrow always lashes from the soul of womanhood. Hardly

* The painting of the last night in prison is from the brush of M. Toni Robert Fleury, son of the president of the French Academy. It was exhibited with great success at the Salon a few years ago, and is thought to excel all former efforts of the artists to portray the last hours of the condemned. One can almost feel the tenseness of the queen's nerves as she lies there looking out into space, waiting for the night to pass. On the cot is her will, the one which Robespierre confiscated. The faithful little maid stands by the bed. In the morning, by the guard's orders, she takes off her kerchief and puts it on the queen in order that she may not appear before the people dressed in black. Behind the screen, with his pipe and his bottle, the guard yawns and evidently looks forward to the end of his vigil with relief. The detail of the picture could not be surpassed, nor the treatment of the subject as a whole.

The night before the execution



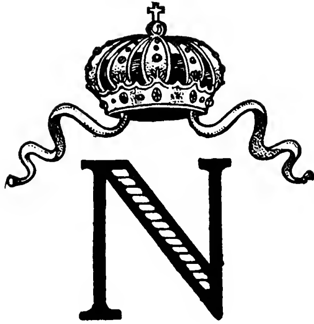
Marie Antoinette in the cart

beyond childhood when her duties fell upon her, she showed herself equal to the vicissitudes of fortune and superior to its frowns. She had borne her accumulated griefs as became the daughter of the Caesars. She never forgot that she was the wife of the son of sixty kings, the Queen of France and Navarre. Where are they now who accused her of extravagance? Let them laugh and hug themselves with glee while they read from the record of the Tribunal this last item of expense: "A coffin for Louis' widow—twenty francs!"

When the ax had fallen, the queen's body was thrown into the common ditch and covered with quick-lime to insure its utter destruction. The silence was terrifying. She had perished by a death fit for only the vilest criminals, and already France was beginning to ask herself what she had gained. Later the French people attempted to make reparation. Twenty years went by. Then the remains of the king and queen were exhumed and placed in the tomb of the Bourbons. To their memory, also, there has been erected a little chapel which they rightly call the *Chapelle Expiatoire*.

From out the depths of her degradation France arose at last. The Consulate and the Empire shone forth for a while and vanished. Royalty returned for a brief space to its accustomed haunts. Today the flag of the French Republic flies over all the

land. The sun shines bright on *la belle France,* and the grass has grown green over the graves of them that died for her in the days of her sorrow and her shame.



IV

THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH

Josephine

Josephine

IV

THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH

JOSEPHINE

ANY attempt to tell the story of Josephine apart from that of Napoleon would resemble an effort to produce Shakespeare's *Hamlet* with the melancholy Dane left out. The Emperor undoubtedly dominated the history of his century. So powerful was his personality that the Empress shone in a reflected light. Yet the story of Josephine is written for all time. It is woven into Napoleon's brilliant career, and the remembrance of her is like a bit of old tapestry, the colors of which grow softer as the years go by.

All the world knows the story of the Corsican. From the snow-wrapped plains of Russia to the delta of the Nile the bleeding footprints of the *Grande Armee* have written it upon the soil. It is painted on the gigantic canvas of European history in colors that do not fade. Victor Hugo has immortalized it with his pen. The Consul, the General, the Emperor, the Conqueror, the Mapmaker of Europe — this picture of Napoleon

we have always with us. A brilliancy unparalleled in history illumines the public career of the man who shot like a meteor across the skies of Europe and sank into the sea at St. Helena. But there is a side to this man's story which the artist has not idealized nor the poet sung. Not until we lose our interest in what is human will the name *Napoleon* cease to fascinate.

In the blue waters of the Mediterranean lies the first of those four islands which played so strange a part in Napoleon's life. Corsica was the cradle of the Bonapartes. In the little town of Ajaccio his ancestors had settled early in the fifteenth century, and here on the ninth of August, 1769, the future First Emperor of the French was born.

The Bonaparte family was undoubtedly noble. This fact has never been questioned, although its exact origin has been the subject of much conjecture.*

In order to understand Napoleon as a man one should know him as a boy. In that far-off English

* There is a story to the effect that the celebrated Man in the Iron Mask, that historical human enigma which puzzled all Europe in the seventeenth century, was a twin brother of Louis Fourteenth, who was hustled out of sight and into prison as soon as he was born, by the emissaries of Cardinal Mazarin. This child is commonly supposed to have died in prison, but this, it is claimed, is an error. He grew up, married the daughter of the jailor, and had a son. The latter was sent into Corsica with a trusted servant who had written orders to bring up the child well, as he came of *good stock,* expressed in Italian by the words *buona parte,* the exact Italian spelling of the Bonaparte name. The author of the story claims that it was from

island where he spent the twilight of his life, with Memory for his closest friend, he seemed often to look back, far beyond the days of the Consulate and the Empire, to that turbulent, poverty-haunted childhood in Corsica. His father, Charles Maria Buonaparte, was a man of no force of character. It was not from him that his son inherited any of his remarkable traits. But in 1765 he had married a peasant girl, the little beauty of the island—Laetitia Ramolino. He gave her naught but his noble name, but the young bride brought him health and beauty and character. Although only fifteen years old at the time of her marriage, she was possessed of energy and will, of good sense and firmness, and she reared with credit the eight children who lived out of the thirteen she bore. Madame Bonaparte's face has been preserved in a hundred forms of art and one has but to glance at it to see the origin of the Napoleonic profile with which the world will be familiar to the end of human annals.

this child that Napoleon was descended and that he had, therefore, as much right to occupy the throne of France as anyone. The story is interesting, but a little too wide of the mark to be believed. Napoleon himself always expressed a lively regret that he could not find out who the Man in the Iron Mask was, and to believe the story is to accept the fact that it nullifies in the most absolute fashion the legitimacy of the remaining Bourbons. However all this may be, long years afterward, when the proposed marriage between Napoleon and Marie Louise was under consideration, the Emperor of Austria said, "I would not consider the proposition for a moment if I were not convinced that his family is as old and as good as my own."

Laetitia Ramolino was only nineteen years old when her war god was born. Her little brood had increased rapidly and they were at the door of penury. Corsica had been drained to the dregs by Paoli's wars. The young mother, plucky and courageous though she was, had little time to give to her children's training. Their father gave them none. Once in his later years, speaking of his mother, Napoleon said: "She was a superb woman — a woman of ability and courage. No hardships shook her equanimity and she endured many, among them hunger and cold in my early days. My country was perishing when I was born. Thirty thousand Frenchmen had been vomited upon our soil. Cries of the wounded, sighs of the oppressed and tears of the dying surrounded my cradle at my birth. Almost up until the day I was born my mother tramped after the army which was contending against France in Corsica. The French Generals took pity on her and told her to go home, promising her safety and protection. They kept their word. On the cupola of the old house at Ajaccio they ran up the French flag. That is why I am French — not Italian. I was born under the flag."

This little lad who, according to his own statement, never feared anything in his life, spent his childhood up to his ninth year running wild on the

beach with the sailors and on the hills with the shepherds. He listened to their tales of Corsican struggles. He imbibed their love of liberty. Was it any wonder that, born of such a mother and surrounded by such influences at the most impressionable period of life, he should love freedom and hate with the fierceness peculiar to the Corsican nature the idea of submission? Take, then, this character with its early training and multiply it by ambition. The product will be *The Conqueror.*

The only thing worth recording which Bonaparte, the father, ever did was to beg free education for his children. When Napoleon was nine years old he was sent to the military school at Brienne. He was very unhappy here. The school was composed of the sons of French noblemen, and he felt intensely the fact that he was a charity pupil. The French lads made fun of him and he made few friends — only one, in fact, to whom he clung in after life. This was Bourienne, who was his secretary under the Empire. It is to Bourienne that we are indebted for any authentic knowledge of this period of Napoleon's life. In his *Memoires* he says: "Nobody understood Bonaparte at this time. He was a shy, proud little fellow, and our friendship began when he said to me one day, 'I like you, Bourienne. You never laugh at me.' His teachers said that he was morose and sullen, but

they were not far-sighted enough to see that it was sensitiveness, not arrogance, which drove him to shun his companions. I have always thought that there was in those days a proud, passionate little heart under that sullen exterior, and that it must have ached for love and recognition."

Madame Junot, who also had known Napoleon in his youth, says in her *Memoires:* "As a child Bonaparte was anything but prepossessing. His head appeared too large for his body — a fault common to the Bonaparte children. His bearing was morose, almost sullen. In after years the peculiar charm of his countenance lay in the expression of his eyes and his captivating smile. But that forehead which seemed formed to bear the crowns of the whole world; those hands of which the most coquettish woman might have been vain and whose white skin covered muscles of steel; in short, of all that personal beauty which so distinguished Napoleon as a young man, no trace was discernible in the boy. Of all the children of Madame Bonaparte, the Emperor was the one from whom the future greatness was least to be prognosticated."

From Brienne Napoleon went to the military school at Paris. Here life were even more hateful than before. The rich lads spent freely. The poor ran greatly in debt. Bonaparte would do neither. Nor would he borrow. But it was hard

not to be able to join in the frolics of his companions or to contribute toward the lunches and gifts they gave to their teachers and friends. His sister Eliza had been placed in Madame de Maintenon's school at St. Cyr. He went one day to see her and found her weeping over the same thing which distressed him. He tried in his rough way to comfort her, but said positively: "My mother has already too many expenses. I have no business to increase them nor must you."

The school days came to an end at last. Napoleon received his commission in the French army with a salary of two hundred and twenty-four dollars a year! He obtained leave of absence and went to Corsica, where his father had recently died. His leave extended many months, and while there he took part in the revolutionary uprising of 1789.

It was while Napoleon was a little lad at Brienne that he seems to have realized that the future of his mother and sisters would depend on him, and even at that early age he had shown an interest, had felt a sense of responsibility, and had displayed good judgment remarkable in one so young. While on leave in Corsica he made strenuous efforts to better their circumstances. He reëstablished the salt works. He saw to it that the mulberry plantation was replanted. He secured for Lucien a scholarship at Aix and for Louis a place at *L'Ecole*

Militaire in Paris. He became so absorbed in the affairs of his family that he quite forgot his own. He overstayed his leave. When he got back to Paris he found himself dismissed from the service, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that he succeeded in getting himself reinstated. He rose rapidly in the Army and during those last dreadful days of royalty in France was placed at the head of the forces stationed to protect the Tuileries during the sitting of the Convention. This he managed with consummate skill and was made General of the Army of the Interior.

Mark well the first use Napoleon made of power! He sent sixty thousand francs to his mother, beautiful dresses to his sisters. He obtained for Joseph a Consulship. He made Louis a lieutenant and Lucien Commissioner of War. The man whose thoughts turn the first time Fortune smiles upon him to his mother and sisters must have at least one spot in his heart which selfishness and ambition can never touch.

Bonaparte began now to see something of society. His official position gave him *entree* to any salon in Paris where he might wish to go. Paris was just recovering from the recollection of the Reign of Terror. Robespierre was dead. The guillotine had received its last victims. The prison doors were

thrown open to those who remained, and among these latter was Josephine.

Josephine was a Creole.* She was the daughter of the Sieur de la Pagerie, and it was on the second of the four islands connected with Napoleon's life that she was born. The little town of St. Pierre, Martinique, was her birthplace. Who can forget the tragic fate of this pretty spot? No disaster was ever more complete than that which destroyed it. No living soul of its thousands remained to tell the tale. The low, rambling, one-story house with its tall chimney, which was the home of Josephine's childhood, had withstood the tropical storms and the earthquakes for many years, but was not proof against the fiery blast of Mt. Pelee. Not a stick nor a stone remains.

Josephine's girlhood was uneventful save for one thing. One day, with three or four of her

* A mistaken impression seems to exist about this word *Creole*. For some reason, many have accepted as its meaning a mixture of foreign with negro blood. This is entirely wrong. A Creole is anyone born of European parentage in the West Indies, or in the French or Spanish provinces elsewhere. Perhaps the fact that in our country these provinces lay along the Gulf of Mexico made Americans especially accept the erroneous meaning. Far from being a term of contempt, it implies a certain excellence of origin, and means that the person so descended has never mixed with any other race. She was of purely French extraction, this little Creole maid whose name was destined to be writ in history, not only on account of her many qualities, not alone because of her glory as Empress of the French, but also because of her sorrows and suffering when the days of her splendor were past.

companions, she ran away from school, and while walking through the gardens they came upon an old negress who wished to tell their fortunes. Josephine was the last to give her hand, and the negress had no sooner glanced at it than she threw herself at the young girl's feet and said, "Mademoiselle, you will be greater than a queen!" Josephine laughed at the time, but she never forgot the woman's prophecy, which she lived to see fulfilled.

When she was seventeen years old, Josephine was married to the Viscount Alexandre Beauharnais. It is said that when he asked her to be his wife she laughed and said: "How can I? I am going to be greater than a queen!" Nevertheless the marriage took place and two children were born to them. The older was a son, Eugene, who grew to be a fine young fellow. The daughter was Hortense, afterward Queen of Holland. Napoleon adopted these children and was very fond of them, and after that disastrous Russian campaign, he declared that Eugene was the only man on his staff who had not committed a terrible blunder of some kind during the war.

The Beauharnais lived quietly in Paris till those stormy days which followed the downfall of royalty. Then, on account of their loyalty to the king, they were thrown into prison and the husband was one

Josephine in youth

of the very last victims of the Reign of Terror. Only four days before the fall of Robespierre, Alexander Beauharnais met his death at the guillotine. Josephine, suffering all the tortures of which a sensitive nature is capable, separated from her children, awaited a similar fate in the women's wing of the prison. So near execution was she that the jailor came and carried away her bed, telling her roughly that "she wouldn't need it after tomorrow." But the unexpected often happens, and in this case it did. When the morrow came, she was free — free to return to her children, but a widow, without means.

Meanwhile young Bonaparte was becoming an important figure in Paris. The later days of the French Revolution were the days of young men. He was no younger than his associates, but he was a general in the French army at twenty-six.

One day a young lad presented himself and begged of General Bonaparte the return of his father's sword which had been taken from him at the time of his imprisonment. The boy's request was readily granted. The General himself placed the sword in his hands, when, much to his surprise, the little fellow burst into tears and kissed it. Bonaparte was touched at his emotion, and made inquiry as to his family and their circumstances. The next day the boy's mother called upon him to

express her thanks for the kindly reception he had given her son, and on this occasion Napoleon caught his first glimpse of her who, according to his own statement, was, "of all the women I have ever known, the one who charmed me most and whom I most fondly loved." How can anyone who has read the Emperor's words spoken during his last unhappy days persuade himself that he ever felt for another woman the affection, the tenderness which, undoubtedly, he held for Josephine? One of his companions who shared his exile says: "He rarely spoke of her, but one day, when the spirit of reminiscence was strong within him, he said, 'Dear Josephine! She was the most charming woman I ever knew. She was absolute mistress of the art of pleasing—a trait which so few women possess. She was always ready when I wanted her. She never annoyed me in her life—never besought of me favors for her children. It was her sole ambition to be my good angel—and she was. I gained the kingdoms, but Josephine gained me the hearts. She would have shared my exile gladly.'" Is it possible that the Emperor, when he spoke these words, could forget that the days with Josephine were the days of his greatest glory, or that from the day he sent her from him his star began to wane?

Bonaparte was not the man to let the woman

who had so attracted him escape. He sought her out, pursued her relentlessly, wooed her madly. Josephine had spent her life in the society and under the protection of royalty. She could not determine whether she ought to wed this rampant young republican or not. Indeed, she found it quite impossible at this time to return the fiery affection which he lavished upon her. But Bonaparte persisted and the marriage took place. Three days later he shouted through the door to her that "he was off to Italy. Love would have to wait till the campaign was over." Josephine remained in Paris, unable to determine whether she had married a hero or lunatic. It was with Napoleon as it is with many others. What was called *genius* in his after years was in his youth only *eccentricity*.

The student of Napoleonana finds in the works of various authors many expressions of curiosity as to the reasons for Napoleon's infatuation for Josephine. "The beautiful Creole was older than he," they argue. "She was past the freshness of her youth." True. But why waste time and space trying to explain a thing so incapable of explanation or analysis as affection? One loves because he loves. It is idle to seek the reason.

Long, wakeful nights on battlefields are conducive to thoughts of home. Napoleon sent back to his wife from the army the most charming love

letters. "My only Josephine," he wrote, "away from you there is no life, no happiness. I stand alone in a world which is a desert. When I am worn out with the tumult of events or fear the issue—if men disgust me and I am ready to curse life, I place my hand on my heart where your image lies, and everything smiles." Again he wrote: "To live for Josephine! That is the story of my life. How long it will be before you will read these words which so feebly express the emotions of the heart over which you reign!" And once more: "The day when I shall have lost your love will be the day when the earth has lost its flowers and the birds have forgotten their songs. Ah, Josephine, let us at least be able to say when we die, 'so many days we were happy.'"

The astounding victories of the French in Italy made Bonaparte an idol in Paris. Josephine's heart warmed toward the man whose fortunes she had elected to share, and from that day forth she never forsook him. Many are the allusions to the infidelity of Josephine—more to the immorality of Napoleon; but the motive for the slanders against the Empress was too apparent to give them weight. They emanated from the Emperor's sisters, who hated and envied her, and they are not substantiated by fact or proof. As for Napoleon

himself — who shall judge him? Let him that is without sin cast the first stone! Was the Emperor the only man in history who, after months and sometimes years of absence from home, occasionally erred? What volumes of stuff have been written on this subject! "Man's love is of his life a thing apart," sang Lord Byron — that misguided understander of human nature. American manhood has become with us an ideal. May we not be charitable to the French soldier of a century ago? These wanderings on Napoleon's part were short-lived, apparently but the whim of the moment. They were forgotten instantly when the army turned its face towards Paris, and Josephine always granted him absolution.

After the overthrow of the Directory the solid rebuilding of the Constitution became necessary, and Bonaparte was made First Consul. At no period of his life did he show such splendid ability as during the time he served as First Consul, at no time was his greatness so apparent. He undertook the reconstruction with courage and determination. The Bank of France dates from this time. He insisted on the most rigid governmental economy. He reorganized the tax system, the principal feature of which was that extra taxes should not be levied upon the poor. He encouraged agriculture

and the industries, and Paris began to take on new life. Then followed the campaign in Egypt, and Bonaparte was made First Consul for life.*

Josephine was of inestimable value to Napoleon at this time. The very things which would have been difficult for a man of his temperament to manage came easily and naturally to her. Later, when the Consulate became the Empire, Josephine stepped into her place with tact and grace. Apparently without effort, she rivaled in social conquests the victory of her husband in the field. High-born ladies sought her favor, and nobles bowed low to win her support.

There is a general impression that Josephine was shallow, if not ignorant. This is a mistake. When she found herself in so exalted a position she engaged a man to whom the title *Librarian of the Court* was given, whose sole duty it was to keep

* There are many charming pictures of Bonaparte as First Consul. He was very difficult to paint because he would not sit for the artist. When David went, at Bonaparte's own request, after the battle of Marengo, to make his now famous portrait, he asked the First Consul when he would pose for him. "Pose!" thundered Bonaparte. "Do you suppose the good men of antiquity posed for their portraits?"

"But I am painting you for your time, for your countrymen. They will wish the picture to be like you."

"Well," said the Consul, "it is not perfection of feature, nor yet a pimple of the nose which makes resemblance. Who cares whether the pictures of great men look like them or not? It is enough if their genius shines from the picture."

"No doubt you are right, Citizen Consul," said the artist, "but I have never thought of it in that light before." David breakfasted daily with Bonaparte thereafter till the portrait was finished. It was the only way in which he was able to study his face.

Josephine as Empress

her informed on all questions concerning the politics of France. As a result, she was always ready to discuss intelligently anything which came up, and was well posted on all matters which concerned the court.*

There is a legend that Charlemagne gave orders to his servant that every morning when he awakened him he should remind him that he was mortal! Well would it have been for Napoleon had someone performed a similar act for him when first he began to dream of the Empire. His days as First Consul were undoubtedly his greatest days. France was healthy then. A splendid nationalism existed, but it disappeared under the glittering pomp in which the Empire was enveloped. One cannot but ponder on the things which would *not* have happened had Bonaparte died at the end of his career as First Consul. But like many another man on whom fickle fortune has smiled, he lived a few years too long. When he looked back on his own life as

* Many people who stood in awe of the Emperor sought his favor by first approaching Josephine. There is an amusing story concerning one of these petitioners. He spoke to the Empress about his difficulties and she told him to give her his petition in writing. This the young man thought he did, but imagine his consternation when he returned home to find that he had presented her with *his tailor's bill!* Josephine, of course, was deluged with these petitions and often they did not reach the Emperor for several days. In her effort to be diplomatic, she occasionally got into hot water. In the case mentioned when the young man presented himself to make his most abject apologies she greeted him with a charming smile, assured him that she and Napoleon had read over his petition together, and that the success of the affair had made her very happy!

Emperor he was filled with haunting memories of things which would never have been had he put from him the glittering bauble which so allured him. During his last days these passed before him in dim review — the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, the war with Spain, the terrible campaign in Russia, the exile to Elba, the quarrel with the Holy Father. He thought of the seas of blood which had been sucked from wounded France, of the flight in Austrian uniform, of the foreigners encamped in Paris — of Waterloo, of St. Helena!

After the Empire was established, the other members of the Bonaparte family were raised to the imperial rank solely on condition that they would act strictly in accordance with the Emperor's plans. They must marry so as to cement the ties of the kingdom. They must arrange their time, form their friendships as it best suited the interests of the Emperor. They must forget all the ties of kindred and conduct themselves as kings and queens, to be criticized with absolute frankness if the Emperor saw fit.

The oldest of the Bonaparte daughters was Eliza. She was made Princess of Lucques and Piombino. Napoleon was very fond of this sister because she resembled in every way the Corsican mother, but he quarreled with her about her marriage to Count Bacciocci, and refused to stand as

godfather to any of her children. Jerome was made King of Westphalia after he had yielded to Napoleon's demands and set aside the beautiful American woman he had married.*

Pauline was the beauty of the family. In fact, she was considered the most beautiful woman of her day. She was married first to General Leclerc, and after his death to Prince Camillo Borghese, the richest nobleman in Italy. Pauline was devoted to Napoleon. She followed him to Elba and assisted him to escape. She was preparing to join him at St. Helena, but the Emperor died before she could carry out her plans, and after his death she took no further interest in mankind.

Joseph was the oldest of the Bonaparte sons, although Napoleon was always looked upon as the head of the family. The relations between these two were amicable until Joseph protested against the sale of Louisiana. Then they quarreled. The one member of the family whom the Emperor could not manage was Lucien. He steadfastly refused to set aside the wife he had wed, and all the threats and persuasions of the Emperor availed him naught. The remaining brother was Louis. He was married to Hortense de Beauharnais, Josephine's only daughter. The story of these young people is

* It was from this marriage that Charles J. Bonaparte, formerly Secretary of the U. S. navy, was descended. Jerome Bonaparte was his grandfather.

sorrowful in the extreme. Utterly uncongenial by nature, taste, and disposition, absolutely without affection for each other, each in love with someone else, they had yielded to the entreaty of Napoleon and Josephine and consented to the marriage. The Emperor urged it because of a genuine affection for both and a desire to make them king and queen of Holland. The Empress urged it because she foresaw that the child of her own daughter and Napoleon's favorite brother would be a most important personage so far as the succession was concerned. The marriage was most unhappy. Louis, who in his youth was unusually sweet-tempered and charming, under adverse circumstances became not only disagreeable and contemptible, but tyrannical and cruel. Napoleon had resolved to make the son of Louis and Hortense his heir; but the little prince in whom such hopes were centered died suddenly one night of croup, and sorrow began to wrap its shadows about the childless Josephine.

The men of the Bonaparte family were not so bad, but the Emperor's sisters can never be anything but contemptible in history because of their everlasting quarrels and bickerings among themselves.* They could not bear to witness the honors

* There are many humorous anecdotes related of Napoleon's frequent exasperation with his sisters in this respect. On one occasion Eliza, who, though older than Caroline, was lower in rank, asked permission of the Emperor to absent herself from the state dinner which was to be followed by an evening at the

which their brother heaped upon Josephine. They plotted and planned against her. They spied upon her. They misconstrued her slightest actions and carried exaggerated reports to the Emperor. Their daily lives were one continuous attempt to poison his mind against her. Josephine never made the slightest attempt to conciliate them, and when the Empire became an assured thing and the time approached for the coronation, the Bonapartes, both male and female, brought all the pressure they could summon to bear upon Napoleon in the attempt to prevent the coronation of Josephine. But the Emperor was adamant. No argument they could use moved him. Finally one day his patience slipped the tether and he roughly ordered them all to be silent. He went so far as to say sneeringly to one of his sisters, "One would think that we had *inherited* this kingdom *from the late king, our father!*"

Shortly after their marriage, Napoleon purchased for Josephine a little estate not far from Paris, called Malmaison. Here as the wife of the

opera. Napoleon inquired her reason. She hesitated a little, and Caroline (who was Queen of Naples) broke forth: "Oh, I can tell you why, Your Majesty. She does not choose to enter the imperial dining-room after me. It does not suit her Highness to sit in the royal box *behind me!* etc., etc." One can imagine the result. In shorter time than it takes to tell it, the two sisters were quarrelling furiously and history hath it that the Emperor seized the fire tongs and shovel and chased the two irate princesses down the long corridor to their apartments, banging the door behind them in true Corsican style.

First Consul she spent her happiest days. Malmaison was to Josephine what Petit Trianon was to Marie Antoinette. Here they laid aside their dignity and courtly demeanor and laughed and sang like happy children. Here in the summer days they played "prisoner's base" and took long walks and drives through the park. There was one little avenue, now called the Emperor's Walk, where Napoleon, when he was wearied of the gaiety, wandered up and down, a solitary dreamer. Who can say what thoughts were his!

As the time approached for the coronation, Josephine awoke to a realization of the strength of the league which the Bonapartes had formed against her. She became apprehensive, but with her usual tact and grace she managed the situation in such manner as to combat all their combined efforts. Her pleasure became a triumph when the Emperor sent for her one day, consulted her about the ceremony, and discussed the details of her coronation robe. She knew they had not yet made any impression upon him.

The day of the coronation came at last. In her *Memoires* Madame Junot says of the event: "Who that saw Notre Dame on that memorable day can ever forget it! I have witnessed in that venerable pile the celebration of sumptuous and solemn festivals, but never anything even approximating the splen-

dor of the coronation of Napoleon. The vaulted roofs reëchoed the chanting of the priests. The waving plumes which adorned the hats of the senators and councillors, the splendid uniforms of the military, the clergy in all their ecclesiastical pomp, the multitude of beautiful women arrayed with that grace and elegance which is seen only in Paris — perhaps the picture has been equalled, but surely never excelled!"

When Napoleon arrived at the Cathedral he ascended the throne which had been erected for him in front of the altar. Josephine took her place by his side. The ceremony was long and seemed to weary him. Finally, however, Pope Pius Seventh, who by a masterpiece of diplomacy on Napoleon's part had been induced to cross the Alps to perform the ceremony, took the crown from the altar, and when he was about to place it on Napoleon's head the latter seized it and placed it there himself. "At that moment," said Madame Junot, "he was really handsome. His countenance was illumined with an expression which no words can describe."

When the time came for Josephine to take part in this great drama she descended from the throne and advanced toward the altar where the newly-crowned Emperor awaited her. She was the personification of elegance and majesty as she walked

with her peculiar grace toward him, her long train borne by the imperial princesses. There was a battle royal between Napoleon and his sisters over the carrying of Josephine's train, but at last they yielded to the inevitable and rose to the occasion. Napoleon's countenance reflected his satisfaction as he saw Josephine approaching him. She knelt at the altar and raised her eyes to his, and both seemed to experience one of those fleeting moments of pure happiness which are unique in a lifetime.

The Emperor performed with grace all that the ceremony required, but his manner of crowning Josephine was remarkable.* He took the little crown in his hands, placed it first on his own head, and then transferred it to hers. He took great pains to arrange it to fit her head, lifting it off once or twice in almost playful manner, and putting it on again, as if to promise her she should wear it lightly

One of the ladies-in-waiting at the court of Josephine says of her: "The Empress was not beautiful of feature. These were irregular, and her teeth were neither white nor straight. But she had that suppleness of limb which is characteristic of

* The painting of the Coronation of Josephine by David is most interesting. Between the Emperor and the altar the Holy Father, Pope Pius VII, is seated and near him Cardinal Fesch, Napoleon's uncle. Behind the Emperor are Napoleon's sisters and to the left his brothers. From the little balcony above, the Corsican mother looks down upon the splendor of the scene. It took David more than two years to paint this picture,

Coronation of Josephine

those born in southern climes, a regal carriage, and a voice that was like a caress. Many a time have I seen the Emperor burst into her apartments, blazing with wrath because something had gone wrong in his Cabinet, which was stilled instantly when she spoke to him! Many a time have I furtively watched his face as he looked at her walking through the grounds or the long corridors of the palace! He who so loved beauty in all things had naught to complain of in his wife. Those who have seen her walk can never forget her."

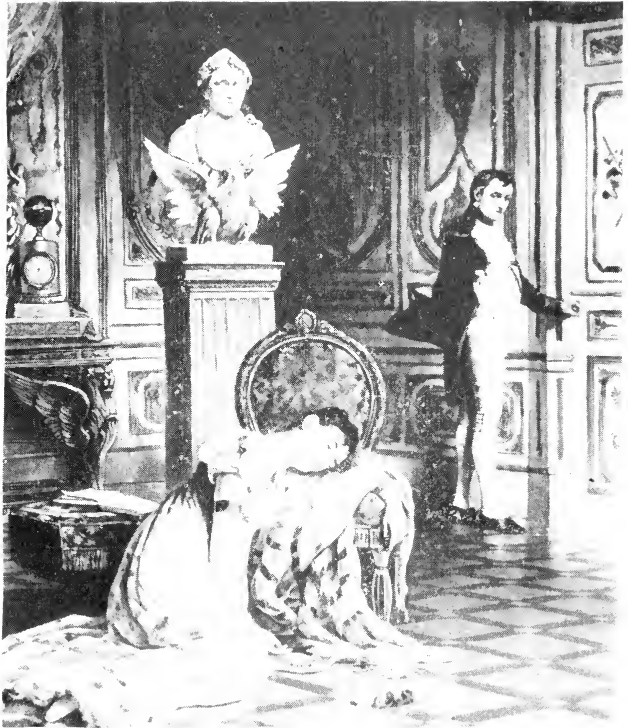
The few years of Josephine's life as Empress passed quickly, and then the blow fell which she so long had feared and which she had made such efforts to avert. To Napoleon's credit be it said that he had steadfastly refused to listen to the suggestions of those who wished the Empress ill, till the death of the little son of Louis and Hortense, whom he had wished to make his heir. Then the question of the succession stared him sternly in the face, and the idea of the divorce took definite form in his mind for the first time.

That the Emperor's thoughts were weighty when he considered this step, none can doubt. If the Napoleonic institutions were to endure, stability of government was vitally necessary. These institutions had been in operation so short a time that he feared for them in case of his death. If he died

without issue, would not fresh revolutions break out? Would not the splendid organization he had created be destroyed? Might not his Empire topple and fall as Alexander's did? Many there are who look upon this divorce as an exposition of gigantic egotism. It was not so. Josephine herself had come to see the advisability of such a step, although she hoped continually that it might not become a necessity.

One evening about two weeks before the public announcement the Emperor and Empress dined alone. Josephine felt that the blow was about to fall. She ate nothing, and tears she could not repress ran down her cheeks. The Emperor sat moodily tapping the side of his glass with a spoon. When dinner was over Josephine retired to her apartments, whither the Emperor shortly followed her. Here he made known to her, as gently as he might, his decision to divorce her. He took her hands in his own and said: "Josephine, you know very well all that you are and have always been to me. But I have reached a place where my dearest affections must give way to the interests of France."

"Say no more," said the Empress, "say no more. I have long expected this, but the blow is none the less mortal for that."



Napoleon announcing to Josephine his decision to divorce her

There is no doubt that Napoleon suffered at this separation. He was genuinely attached to Josephine. Above all else he felt that she was necessary to his happiness. How deplorable a thing it is that affairs of state can be so exacting as to break violently the bonds of an affection which has stood the test of time!

With a dignity and sweetness of which few women would have been capable, Josephine met her sorrow face to face. Not even on that memorable evening—the day before the official dissolution—when she did the honors of her court for the last time, did she permit herself to give way. A great throng was present. Supper was served in the Gallery of Diana, on small tables. Josephine sat, as always, in the center of the gallery, and the men passed near her, waiting for that peculiarly graceful nod of recognition which she was in the habit of bestowing upon them. They could but be struck with the perfection of her attitude in the presence of all these people who did her homage for the last time. All knew that within the hour she was to descend from the throne and leave the palace, never to return. At last one man spoke his thoughts. "Only a woman," he exclaimed, "could rise superior to such a situation as this!" It was true. The Emperor showed by

no means so bold a front. It was the understanding that Napoleon was to go to St. Cloud and the Empress to return to Malmaison.

It was the walls of Josephine's little boudoir which witnessed the final chapter of the tragedy. Here the inevitable good-bys were said. Here the Empress begged her husband not to forget her. Here, at his request, she promised to follow his wishes in a few things. She was to deny herself nothing that she wished, to take care of her health, to pay no attention to any gossip she might hear concerning him, and *never to doubt his love!*

When the Emperor had left her, she entered her carriage and was driven away to Malmaison. The winter winds wailed and the cold rain of a December night beat against the windows. Alone, she gave way to her grief. Her thoughts went back to the days when the Conqueror of Italy had written her such burning words of love. Now the memory of them is all that is left her. She is separated forever from the man whom she loves. She is disowned, driven from the scenes of her former splendor. She has drunk to the depths the chalice of the bitterness of divorce, which for so long she had prayed to be spared. At Malmaison, the enchanted spot where she had been happy as the wife of the First Consul, Josephine dragged out the few remaining

years of her life, shortened, undoubtedly, by her sorrow.

On the twelfth of March, 1810, Napoleon was married to Marie Louise, daughter of the Emperor of Austria. The Germans are fond of saying that when he married her he wed the ill-luck of the Austrian house. Napoleon had no affection to bestow upon her. She had, naturally, a horror of the man who had caused her country so much woe. This feeling passed away, to a certain extent, as time went by; but Marie Louise had already love in her heart for another before this marriage was contemplated, and to that other she returned when the vicissitudes of fortune had flung her husband adrift on the sea of exile, where he was wrecked. Nevertheless, she sought to play the Empress with gayety and good-will. But the charm of the court of Josephine never returned. She had accomplishments. Marie Louise had none, and whenever she appeared in public, with or without the Emperor, she wore always the apathetic smile of the Hapsburgs.

A year after the marriage the long-desired heir to the French throne was born. It had been arranged that the birth of the child should be announced to the people by cannon shot — twenty-one guns if a princess, a hundred and one if a

prince. When the twenty-first shot died away Paris held its breath. Then the people broke forth in the wildest enthusiasm when the next shot proclaimed the birth of the King of Rome.

Josephine was staying at Navarre. When she heard the sound of the cannon she called her people together and said: "We, too, must rejoice. I will give you a ball, and the whole city shall be glad with us."

Those who surrounded him knew very well that the surest passport to their Emperor's favor was a visit to Malmaison to pay one's respect to Josephine. He never lost the protecting tenderness which he had always cherished toward her. Once after the divorce the Emperor learned that Josephine's financial affairs had become entangled and sent a trusted officer of his staff to her with instructions to straighten things out. His orders were explicit that he was not to distress her in any way. When the officer returned, the Emperor asked him what she said and did. He replied, "She said nothing, Sire. She did nothing. She only wept all the time." Napoleon sprang to his feet and began pacing rapidly up and down the room, as was his habit when under emotion. Finally he burst forth furiously, "You have managed badly — very badly. Did I not expressly order you not to make her weep?"

Not long after this Napoleon contrived, without Marie Louise's knowledge, to carry the babe to Malmaison to Josephine, who had begged to see him. When they parted he said to her, "This child, in concert with our Eugene, shall constitute our happiness and that of France."

How mistaken was he! Uneasiness and discontent were already rife in France. There was religious disaffection also. Napoleon, who ten years before had braved so much to reëstablish the Catholic Church in France, now showed contempt for the authority of the Pope, and in so doing wounded the deepest sentiments of his country. In the palace at Fontainebleau he kept Pius Seventh prisoner for more than two years. They quarreled continuously. It was a case where Greek met Greek. Neither would yield. In addition to this, there was the conscription — the tax of blood and muscle demanded of the country. Formerly the only son of the mother, the father whose children were motherless, the extremely youthful, and the advanced in years had been exempt from military service. Not so now. The army must be maintained, and between 1804 and 1811 a million seven hundred thousand Frenchmen had fallen in battle. Nor was that all. It had become evident that war with Russia was an assured thing. Causes had been accumulating for many months. Napoleon

hoped to avert this catastrophe, but failed, and France, poor, already devastated, wounded and bleeding France, was doomed to make the Russian campaign.*

It was utter disaster. Napoleon led the *Grande Armee* into the very heart of that immense country, where it was engulfed in the snow. The little Italian-bred Emperor who had dreamed of conquering Russia was himself conquered by the Russian winter. When the French reached Moscow

* The Russians hold that two trivial circumstances contributed largely to Napoleon's determination to make war upon Russia. First, when Bonaparte was a young lieutenant in the French army he had applied to the Russian General Zaborowski for a position on the staff of the Czarina Catherine II. But as he wished to be admitted to the Russian army with the rank of General, the request was refused. General Zaborowski never forgave himself for this refusal. When Napoleon went to Russia he was an old man living in Moscow, and shortly afterward he died lamenting to the last moment that he had thus contributed toward the misfortunes which had overtaken his country because of the personal animosity of Napoleon toward himself.

The second circumstance was still more trivial. After the divorce, Napoleon had asked the hand of one of the sisters of the Czar. The plan had been frustrated by the latter's mother, Catherine II, who was also the mother of the princess whom Napoleon wished to wed. One hesitates to ascribe to wounded vanity the bitter hatred which Napoleon seemed to entertain toward Russia, but calling to mind the character and temperament of the man it is impossible not to consider it. And when, later, the Czarina bestowed her daughter's hand upon a petty German prince, the intent of the offense was apparent. If there was one thing on earth which Napoleon could not tolerate it was ridicule. Furious and chagrined beyond expression, he wed Marie Louise of Austria. He drove the Duke of Oldenberg out of Austria and threatened all the Czar's German relatives with the same fate. Then he began to prepare for war. It is thought that at first he intended only to awe Alexander with the magnitude of his preparation and to compel him to humiliate himself before all Europe. But for once he met his match. In the face of that same Europe, Alexander got ready to resist and Napoleon was left (as the French say) to "drink the uncorked wine."

they found that the city had been abandoned. Soldiers, citizens, the royal family, all had fled *en masse*. It was an empty conquest. Napoleon and his staff made their headquarters in the Kremlin. But the great fire broke out and they were compelled to flee for their lives. Things went from bad to worse. The French troops were everywhere defeated. If they fell not in battle, they became victims of the climate or of the Russian dysentery. At last the Emperor got the army into some semblance of military order and that memorable retreat was begun — down the great white road which led out from Moscow. Napoleon started in a carriage, but soon got out and walked. The staff fell in behind him. The rank and file followed. The Emperor looked out over the landscape, where, in places, the snow lay piled eight feet deep. The air was filled with vultures. The legs and arms of dead soldiers stuck out of the drifts. Now and then a ghastly face looked up at him. The soldiers were rebellious and hungry. The terrors of the cold and starvation wrung cries from the Emperor himself. Paris! France!! How far away they seemed. Of the long, freezing march, the passage of the Beresina, where the bridge broke down and let a thousand men and horses down into the ice-cold water, the half has never been told. Finally they crossed the Nieman, and what was left of the army

crawled to the hospitals and asked for the rooms where people die! Napoleon and his ragged officers pressed on to Paris, but the pride of the French army lay asleep under the Russian snows.

It took courage to face France after the great disaster, but he made the best of it. The powers, however, had allied themselves to crush him, and the one thing more to be feared than war — the spirit of revolt and anarchy at home — became evident at Paris. Some of his oldest and most trusted generals deserted him, and this treachery took away the last hope of the imperial cause. Not until now did that iron will waver under the shock of defeat. His family, as well as himself, denounced by his enemies, ignorant of the fate of his wife and child, he gave up the fight.

In the court of the palace at Fontainebleau the Emperor bade farewell to his grenadiers. Then he departed for Elba — the third of the four islands — whither he was exiled. His discouragement was brief. He was told that he was to be in control of the affairs of the little kingdom, so he prepared for the journey with energy and spirit.

Marie Louise showed her indifference to her husband's welfare by refusing to join him at Elba. When Josephine heard of it her indignation knew no bounds. She wrote Napoleon expressing her undiminished loyalty to his interests and begging

The retreat from Moscow

to be permitted to come to him. This letter touched Napoleon deeply, although he was obliged, of course, to deny her request. Before the letter reached Malmaison, however, its gentle mistress had passed away. A slight cold, contracted while walking in the park, developed into an attack which proved fatal.

Napoleon made his headquarters at San Martino. Here his mother, the Princess Pauline, and twenty-six members of the National Guard joined him. But his desire to see again his little son was never gratified.

The most dramatic episode in all Napoleon's career — a career unparalleled in history — was his escape from the island of Elba. With a force of eleven hundred men he ran the gauntlet of foreign ships which guarded the harbor, and on the first of March landed at Cannes, on the way to Paris. The people hailed him joyfully. They followed him *en masse*. The journey was one triumphal march from the time of the landing till they reached the palace at Fontainebleau, on which day Louis Eighteenth fled from Paris.

Napoleon was wont to say that the happiest period of his life was that march from Cannes to Paris. But the joy was short-lived. The enthusiasm died away. Opposition developed, plots followed, and in the face of this revulsion the inevitable

happened. The man himself underwent a change. He became sad and preoccupied. His courage left him. He seemed to have lost faith in himself. Much of this was due to the fact that Austria refused to restore to him his wife and child. Marie Louise had succumbed to foreign influence. She had promised never more to see him.

Three months after Napoleon returned to France, however, he had an army of two hundred thousand men, and on the night of the fourteenth day of June, 1815, he stood by his camp fire and watched his sleeping army on the field of Waterloo. In the morning the never-to-be-forgotten struggle was begun. By nightfall the defeat was complete. The Emperor realized it. He threw himself into the battle, seeking death as eagerly as he had sought victory at Marengo. Men fell all around him, before, behind, on all sides, but death seemed to have forgotten him. He returned to Paris where many urged him to continue the struggle. But loyalty to the best interests of France moved him to abdicate. He signed the abdication, renouncing his rights to the throne and proclaiming his son Emperor, with the title of Napoleon Second.

Where should he seek refuge now, this fallen Emperor of the French? His thoughts turned naturally to the spot where his happiest days, the days with Josephine, had been spent — Malmaison.

Thither he betook himself on leaving Paris. What must have been his thoughts when he saw those gray walls in the distance? In the park, under the trees which whispered to him of dreams long dead, Josephine's unhappy daughter joined him. Together they entered the house, the deserted halls of which were tenanted by phantoms of the past. The walls of Josephine's home spoke to him in that mysterious language which one hears only in the silence.

When he reached the Empress' apartments he paused, unable to enter, so profound was his emotion. Finally he went in alone and sat down. Here, in the gathering twilight, he gave rein to his thoughts. He heard in fancy the sound of Josephine's gentle voice. To him it seemed that the end of all things had come. Waterloo was lost. Josephine was dead. His Austrian wife had abandoned him. His idolized little son was his no more except in dreams.

On the morrow, his mother, his brothers and a few of his faithful soldiers assembled to bid him an eternal farewell. The last one of whom he took leave was his mother. When all the other good-bys had been said he turned to her, and their parting takes one back to the days of the Spartans, so sublime was its simplicity. "*Adieu, mon fils,*" said Madame Laetitia. The Emperor kissed her hands.

"*Adieu, ma mère,*" he answered. Then he entered his carriage, in Austrian uniform (which he had been compelled to don for the purpose of disguise), and was driven away. He had looked his last on Malmaison.*

All plans to escape from France proved futile, and the Emperor resolved to give himself up to England. He sent the following message, characteristic and dignified, to the Regent:

"ROYAL HIGHNESS: Exposed to the factions which divide my country, and to the hostilities of the great powers of Europe, I have closed my political career. I am come, like Themistocles, to seek the hospitality of the British nation. I place myself under the protection of its laws, which protection I claim from Your Royal Highness as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies."

Who shall ever be able to understand England's course as it regards Napoleon? There was every reason to suppose that she would receive him with dignity and consideration. Was he not an enemy worthy of English metal? He had been defeated

* No historic spot in all the world is sadder than Malmaison. Here one lowers his voice and steps softly lest he disturb the sleep of illustrious hosts. Surely no man who has a love of either history or romance in his soul can enter this house without emotion. How sorrowful to contemplate that Malmaison was turned into barracks for Blücher's soldiers, and that half a century later the troops of the victor of Sedan installed themselves in triumph in the halls where the First Consul held his military court!

only after years of struggle. To leave him at large, was, of course, out of the question; but England's self-respect demanded that she treat him as became his genius and his rank. She might have made him a royal prisoner, letting him understand that she kept him so because she feared his power. But that so powerful a nation as England should forget the principles of justice and humanity in so far that she did not recognize what was due a fallen foe *who had surrendered himself*, is as incapable of solution as was the riddle of the Sphinx.

A week later Napoleon found himself on board the *Northumberland*, outward bound for the stony island in the tropics. A few days later he was transferred to the *Bellerophon*, and on the fifteenth day of October, 1815, just four months after the battle of Waterloo, the vessel with the Emperor on board anchored in the harbor of Jamestown, St. Helena. Here the sealed instructions concerning him were delivered to the Governor-General, and a week later, the Emperor, under guard, watched the *Bellerophon* sink behind the sea on its return voyage to England. Here, in the last of the four islands, far from his country and his friends, unused to the climate, tortured and insulted by spying officials, hearing nothing but miserable bickerings over the cost of his table (as though the bread of exile

were not sufficiently bitter), obliged to purchase at exorbitant price so small a luxury as a bunch of grapes, the Emperor lived and suffered for six long years. His days were one long succession of sorrows. Hope had vanished. His cause was lost. His friends had been proscribed. The members of his family, to whom he was so strongly attached, were the waifs and strays of the tempest which had wrought his own destruction.

In his little cottage, called Longwood, Napoleon dictated his *Memoires*. When one considers that he was dependent solely on memory, and then remembers that these writings fill four large volumes, he realizes of what that active mind was capable. He lived as much as possible within his cottage. By degrees he gave up all exercise, and the steady advance of an incurable disease increased the pain and irritation of a nature which had been wounded to the quick.

In the Corcoran Gallery at Washington is a marble figure of the Emperor by Vela. He calls it "The Last Day." There is no more superb statue in all the world. How changed now is the fine head and once handsome countenance! The sensitive mouth in which a young girl might have gloried has become a hard, firm line with a pathetic droop at the corners. The open robe shows a thin and bony chest. On his knee lies the outspread map

of Europe. Alas, the hand that once carved out empires there is powerless now to trace his name! There is weariness and hopelessness and despair in the attitude of the dying Emperor whom England has condemned to this existence — chained, like Prometheus, to a barren rock. England may have feared or hated him, but her revenge had in it the quintessence of cruelty.

On the night of the fifth of May, 1821, the most terrible tempest which had ever been known in the tropics poured its wrath upon St. Helena, as if to sweep her from the face of the waters. But within the little cottage, surrounded by his faithful few, the Emperor lay with quiet hands and the cross on his breast, unmindful of the fury of the storm.

The graves of the Bonapartes lie far apart. That family so closely allied in life is widely scattered in death. The little Corsican mother, who was the only member of the family from whom the Emperor did not expect and exact obedience, lived for fifteen years after her illustrious son had passed away. When the news of his death was brought to her she said with that simplicity which was a part of her, "I thank you, my friend. All is well now with my son." What does it matter to a man's mother that he has reached the pinnacle of earthly greatness? He can never be aught to her but the babe that once lay in her arms! Madame Bona-

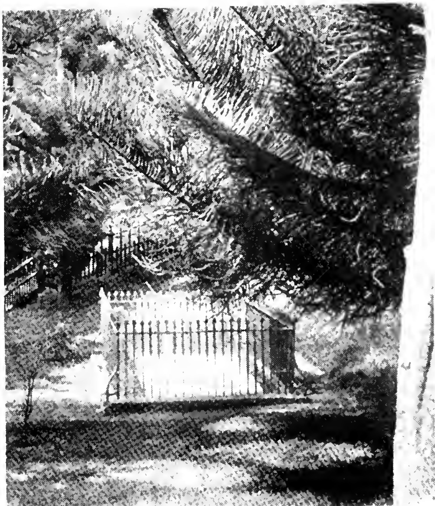
parte died in 1836, and is buried at Rome. Eliza found a resting-place at Trieste, Pauline at Florence, Caroline at Naples.

In the village of Reuil is to be seen a modest little church. Bourienne tells us that during the time that the Bonapartes lived at Malmaison nothing so pleased Napoleon as the sound of these church bells. Ofttimes when they walked together (the Emperor often dictating letters as they went), he would stop still, asking Bourienne to do likewise, in order that he might not lose one single tone of those distant bells whose music charmed and soothed him. Inside the little church is a monument. It calls forth a host of memories. The figure is that of a woman kneeling. She wears no royal insignia, but there is something about it all which is strangely familiar. Instinctively the mind goes back to a day long gone. One sees again the splendid interior of Notre Dame, the glittering pageant, the Emperor holding a crown above the head of his wife. Then one's eyes fall upon the simple inscription:

À JOSEPHINE,
EUGÈNE ET HORTENSE

In the foundation of the pedestal she sleeps who was once Empress of the French, and many are the thoughts on the nothingness of human greatness which come to one in this village church with its

Tomb of Josephine at Reuil



Tomb of Napoleon at St. Helena

eloquent silence. Near by is another monument, which in later years Napoleon Third placed there to the memory of his idolized mother, Josephine's only daughter, Queen Hortense of Holland.

They buried the Emperor in a valley, now called the Valley of Napoleon, beside a spring that he loved. Perhaps no grave in history is so well known as the willow-fringed mound in St. Helena where the Emperor slept in quiet for nineteen years. Then France awoke. She requested the return of Napoleon's body to his countrymen. England granted the request. The youngest son of Louis Eighteenth was despatched to St. Helena on this mission. The French officers and sailors who accompanied him felt themselves deeply moved when the coffin of the Emperor was seen coming slowly down the mountainside, escorted by the British infantry, with arms reversed, the drums rolling an accompaniment — the band playing the Funeral March. The English soldiers stood motionless on the beach. The French guns fired the royal salute. The coffin was placed on board the French cutter, and the scene of mourning became one of rejoicing. Flags were unfurled. The drums beat. Every vessel in the harbor fired a salute. The Emperor had come back to his own!

The vessel sailed away to France. After the landing, the passing of the funeral car was every-

where greeted with profound emotion and reverence. Through the streets of Paris the Beautiful — Paris, the city of his dreams — down the Champs Elysées, under the Arc de Triomphe, the splendid funeral *cortège* took its way. Vast crowds of people lined the streets in silence. There was no need for words. Yonder in the distance the Vendôme Column towers over Paris, and its bronze tablets are still telling the nations the unforgotten story.

The climax of all was the funeral mass in the Hôtel des Invalides. The Archbishop of Paris, followed by long rows of white-clad priests, formed the procession at the entrance. The king descended from his throne and advanced to meet them. When the casket had been placed upon the catafalque, the young prince reported the end of his mission. "Sire," he said, "I present to you the body of Napoleon, which, in accordance with your Majesty's commands, I have brought back to France."

"I receive it — in the name of France," the king replied. Then turning to old Marshal Bertrand, whose loyalty to his master had extended to the sharing of his exile, the king said:

"General, I commission you to place the Emperor's glorious sword upon his bier." The great company looked on in the deepest silence, broken only by the half-stifled sobs of the few gray-haired

The Emperor

soldiers who remained of all those who had marched with the Emperor from Toulon to Waterloo.

Napoleon's life was one of lights and shadows. None look upon him as a god. He was too full of faults. But so *natural* a man was he that wherever nature lived in a heart his sway was absolute, and this explains his hold on men. There are those who idolize him — those who execrate his memory. There are those who laugh to scorn the idea that affection was a part of Napoleon's make-up. But to deny that his love for his mother was sincere, to declare that he was not deeply attached to his brothers and sisters, or to hold that he did not make innumerable sacrifices for them — above all, to deny his passionate attachment to Josephine — would be to render a verdict not based upon the evidence. Moreover, the permanency of Napoleon's greatness is a marvelous thing. Year after year, accusers arise, assail his memory, pass away, and are forgotten. But like some gigantic cliff against which the restless sea beats ceaselessly, the figure of Napoleon, grim and impenetrable, stands out against the stormy skies of history.

The most impressive monument in all Europe is the Emperor's tomb. It was his dearest wish that he might sleep on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people. That wish at last came

true. The solemn silence which fills the crypt is more eloquent than words. One looks down upon that massive sarcophagus. One sees the tattered flags. One reads in the floor words which are burned into the world's history — Wagram — Moscow — Friedland — Rivoli. One remembers also how restless was the heart of him who slumbers here so soundly. Not even the bugles and the guns of victorious Prussians thundering at the gates of Paris could rouse him from his dreamless sleep. One lifts his eyes to the splendid dome of the Hôtel des Invalides, beneath which, guarded in death as in life by Bertrand and Duroc, his favorite Marshals, and close by the bodies of his brothers, Jerome and Joseph, the Emperor awaits the last great call to arms. And then — involuntarily one's thoughts revert to the quiet little church at Reuil where Josephine is sleeping her last long sleep.

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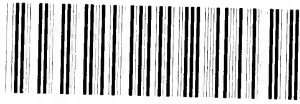
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